

PRINCESS 3

OF

CLEVE

As it was Acted at the

Queens Theatre

IN

DORSET - GARDEN.

By Nat. Lee, Gent.

*Tuque dum procedis, Io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus: Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque divis
——Thura benignis. Horat.*

L O N D O N,

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28 ——— The Princess of Cleve, as it was Acted at the Queens Theatre
in Dorset Garden. 4to, sewn, *stained copy*, (A to H in fours, H4 consists of a list of
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Dobell Dedicated to Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, etc. June 1922

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Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, 1671
Dedicated to Sir Charles Sidley.

To the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesties Houshold, and one of his Majesties most Honourable Privy Council, &c.

May it please your Lordship,

THis Play, when it was Acted, in the Character of the Princess of *Jainville*, had a resemblance of *Marguerite* in the Massacre of *Paris*, Sister to *Charles* the Ninth, and Wife to *Henry* the Fourth King of *Navar*: That fatal Marriage which cost the Blood of so many Thousand Men, and the Lives of the best Commanders. What was borrowed in the Action is left out in the Print, and quite obliterated in the minds of Men. But the Duke of *Guise*, who was Notorious for a bolder Fault, has wrested two whole Scenes from the Original, which after the Vacation he will be forc'd to pay. I was I confess through Indignation, forc'd to limb my own Child, which Time, the true Cure for all Maladies, and Injustice has set together again. The Play cost me much pains, the Story is true, and I hope the Object will display Treachery in its own Colours. But this Farce, Comedy, Tragedy, or meer Play, was a Revenge for the Refusal of the other; for when they expected the most polish'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em a Russian reeking from *Whetstone's-Park*. The fourth and fifth Acts of the Chances, where *Don John* is pulling down; Marriage *Alamode*, where they are bare to the Waste; the *Libertine*, and *Epsom-Wells*, are but Copies of his Villany. He lays about him like the *Gladuator* in the Park; they may walk by, and take no notice. I beg your Lordship to excuse this account, for indeed 'tis all to introduce the Massacre of *Paris* to your Favour, and approve it to be play'd in its first Figure.

Your Lordships

Humble and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

TRust was the Glory of the foremost Age,
When Truth and Love with Friendship did engage;
When Man to Man cou'd walk with Arms entwined,
And vent their Grievs in spaces of the Wind;
Express their minds, and speak their thoughts as clear,
As Eastern Mornings opening to the year.
But since that Law and Treachery came in,
And open Honesty was made a Sin,
Men wait for Men as Dogs for Foxes prey,
And Women wait the closing of the day.
There's scarce a man that ventures to be good,
For Truth by Knaves was never understood;
For there's the Curse, when Vice o'er Virtue rules,
That all the World are Knaves or downright Fools.
So they may make advantage of th' Alloy,
They'll take the Dross and throw the Gold away.
Women turn Usurers with their own affright,
And Want's the Hag that rides 'em all the night.
The little Mob, the City Wastcoateer,
Will pinch the Back to make the Buttock bare,
And drain the last poor Guinea from her Dear.
Thus Times are turn'd upon a private end,
There's scarce a Man that's generous to his Friend.
But there's a Monarch on a Throne sublime,
That makes Truth Law, and gives the Poets Rhime;
Be his the bus'ness of our little Fates,
Our mean Contentions, and their high Debates.
By Sea and Land our most Imperial Lord,
With all the Praises Blest that Hearts afford,
With Lawrels Crown'd, unconquer'd by the Sword:
William the Sovereign of our whole Affairs,
Our Guide in Peace, and Council in the Wars.

EPILOGUE.

What is this Wit which Cowley cou'd not name?
The rare Inducement to a perfect Fame,
The Art of Nature curious in a Frame,
Is it a Whig, a Trimmer, or a Tory,
Or an Old Fop forgotten in the Story?
'Tis Honour weild in Honesty's Disguise,
Or Cesar like a Fencer in a Prize;
'Tis Pindar's Ramble, Nature in Misrule,
A Politician acted by a Fool.
'Tis all variety that Arts can give,
The Daniad's filling of a Leakey Sieve:
The Vallies Sweets, and the distilling Spring,
The brimming Bacchus that the Muses bring,
To drink the Health of England's Glorious King.
A Statesman thoughtful for a Clown revild,
A Pestle and a Mortar for a Child.
'Tis a true Principle, but hardly shewn,
An Artificial Sigh, a Virgins Groan,
When the first night her Lover layes her on.
'Tis like a Lass that Gads to gather May,
'Tis like the Comedy you have to day.
A Bulling Gallant in a wanton Play.

THE

The Names of the Actors.

PPrince of Cleve
Duke Nemours
Bellamore
Jaques
St. Andre
Vidam of Chartres
Peltrot

Mr. Williams.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr.
Mr.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Gillo.
Mr. Nokes.

W O M E N.

Princess of Cleve
Tournon
Marguerite
Eliador
Celia
Irene
La March.

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Lee.
Lad. Slingsby.
Mrs. Betterton.
Mrs.
Mrs.
Mrs.

SCENE PARIS.



THE

T H E
Pirncefs of Cleve.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Nemours, Bellamore. Fiddles Playing.

Nem. **H** Old there you Monsieur *Devol*; prethee leave off playing fine in Confort, and stick to Time and Tune—So now the Song, call in the Eunuch; come my pretty Stallion, hem and begin.

S O N G.

A LL other Blessings are but Toys
 To his that in his sleep enjoys,
 Who in his Fancy can possess
 The object of his Happiness;
 The Pleasure's purer for he spares
 The Pains, Expenses, and the Cares.

I L.

*Thus when Adonis got the Stone,
 To Love the Boy still made his moan;
 Venus the Queen of Fancy came,
 And as he slept she cool'd his flame;
 The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
 And Fancy brought the Stone away.*

Nem. Sirrah, stick to clean Pleasures, deep Sleep, moderate Wine, sincere Whores, and thou art happy; Now by this damask Cheek I love thee; keep but this gracious Form of thine in health, and I'll put thee in the way of living like a Man——What I have trusted thee with——My Love to the Princess of Cleve, Treasure it as thy Life, nor let the *Vidam* of *Chartres* know it; for however I seem to cherish him, because he has the knack of telling a story maliciously, and is a great pretender to Nature, I cast him off here——'Tis too much for him: Besides he is her Uncle, and has a sort of affected Honour, that would make him grin to see me leap her——Hey, *Jaques*——When Madam

TOMYON

The Princess of Cleve.

Tournon comes, bring her in; and hark you Sir, whoever comes to speak with me while she is with me——

Jaq. What if the Dauphin comes?

Nem. What if his Father comes, Dog—Slave—Fool! What if *Paris* were a fire, the President and Council of sixteen at the Door! I'm sick, I'm not within — I'm a hundred mile off My bosom Dear—So young, and yet I trust thee too—But away, to the Princess of *Cleve*, thou art acquainted with her Woman, watch her Motions, my sweet-fac'd Pimp, and bring me word of her rising.

Bell. She is a prize, my Lord, and oh what a night of Pleasure has *Cleve* had with her—the first too!

Nem. Any thing but what makes such a pleasure, wou'd I give for such another—— But be gone, and no more of this provoking discourse, lest Ravishing shou'd follow thee at the heels, and spoil my sober design.

Exeunt severally.

Enter *Tournon*, *La March*.

Jaq. Madam, my Lord was just now asking for you.

Tour. Go tell him I'm coming — Is he dress'd?

Jaq. Yes — But your Ladyship knows that's all one to him ——

Tour. Honest *Jagues*, 'tis pity such Honesty should not be encourag'd ——

Jaq. This comes of Pimping, which she calls Honesty. *Exit* *Jaq.*

Tour. Thus thou mayst see the method of the Queen—We are the lucky Sieves, where fond men trust their Hearts; and so she lifts 'em through us ——

La M. What of *Nemours*, whom you thus early visit?

Tour. The Queen designs to rob him of a Mistress, *Marguerite* the Princess of *Farville*, whom he keeps from the knowledge of the Court; and if the Queen be Judge, is contracted to her——

The Dauphin loves her too, whereon the Queen Who works the Court quite round by Womankind, And thinks this way to mould his supple Soul, Resolves, if possible, to gain her for him.

La M. But how is't possible to work the Princess from the Duke *Nemours*, who loves him as the Queen affects Ambition?

Tour. Why thus she knows *Nemours* his Soul is bent Upon variety, therefore to gain her ends She has made me Sacrifice my Honour, nay, I'm become his Bawd, and ply him every day With some new face, to wean his heart From *Marguerite*'s Form, nor must you longer be Without your part.

La M. Employ me, for you know the Queen commands me.

Tour. There was a Letter dropt in the Tennis-Court Out of *Nemours* his Pocket, as I'm told, And read last night in the presence—— 'Tis your Task Silly to insinuate with *Marguerite*.

This Note which came from some abandon'd Mistress, Is certainly the Dukes ——

La M.

La M. Then Jealousie's the ground on which you build.

Tour. Right, we must make 'em jealous of each other; Jealousie breeds disdain in haughty minds, and so from the extreams of violent Love, proceeds to fiercest hate. But see the gay, the brisk, the topping Gallant *St. Andre* here, Cousin to *Poltror*, who arrived [*Enter St. A.* from *England* with a pretty Wife last week, and Lodges in the Palace of this his related Fool — *St. Andre* has a Wife too, of my acquaintance — Both for the Duke my Dear; but haste I'm call'd — [*Exit La M.*

Jaq. Madam —

Tour. I go.

[*Exit Tournon.*

St. A. Monsieur *Jagues*, your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant. What, his Grace continues the old Trade, I see, by the Flux of Bawds and Whores that choak up his Avenues, and I must confess, excepting my self, there's no man so built for Whoring as his Grace, black sanguine, Brawny — a Roman Nose — long Foot and a stiff — calf of a Leg.

Jaq. Your Lordship has all these in Perfection.

St. A. Sir, your most faithful, obliged, humble Servant. Boy —

B. My Lord —

St. A. How many Bottles last night?

B. Five my Lord.

St. A. Boy.

B. My Lord

St. A. How many Whores?

B. Six my Lord.

St. A. Boy —

B. My Lord.

St. A. What Quarrels, how many did I kill?

B. Not one my Lord — But the night before you Hamstrung a Beadle, and run a Linkman in the Back —

St. A. What, and no Blood nor Blows last night?

B. O yes my Lord, now I remember me, you drew upon a Gentleman that knock'd you down with a Bottle.

St. A. Not so loud you Urchin, lest I twist your neck round — Monsieur *Jagues*, is his Grace stirring?

Jaq. My Lord, he's at Council —

St. A. Od I beg his pardon, pray give my duty to him, and tell him, if he pleased to hear a languishing Air or two, I am at the Princess of *Cleve's* with a Serenade — Go Rascal, go to Monsieur *Poltror* — tell him he'll be too late — Black airy shape — but then Madam *Cleve* is Vertuous, Chast, Cold — — Gad I'll write to her, and then she's mine directly, for 'tis but reason of course, that he that has been yoak'd to so many Dutchesies, should at last back a Princess: Sir, your most oblig'd, faithful, and very humble Servant, Sir.

SCENE. II.

Nemours, Tournon.

Tour. **U**ndone, undone! will your sinful Grace never give over, will you never leave Ruining of Bodies and Damning of Souls — cou'd you imagine that I came for this? What have you done?

Nem. No harm pretty Rogue, no harm, nay, prethee leave blubbering:

Tour. 'Tis blubbering now, plain blubbering, but before you had your will 'twas another tone; why, Madam, do you wash those precious Tears, each

B

falling

falling drop shines like an Orient Pearl, and sets a Gaity on a Face of Sorrow.

Nem. Thou art certainly the pleasantest of Womenkind, and I the happiest of Men; dear delightful Rogue, lets have another Main; like a winning Gamester, I long to make it t'other hundred Pound.

Tour. Inconsiderate horrid Peer, will you Damn your Soul deeper and deeper, can you be thus insensible of your Crime?

Nem. Why there's it, I was as a Man may be, very dry, and thou kind Soul, gav'st me a good draught of Drink; now 'tis strange to me, if a man must be Dama'd for quenching his thirst.

Tour. Ha, Ha—Well, I'll swear you are such another man— who would have thought you cou'd delude a Woman thus, and a Woman of Honour too, that resolv'd so much against it; Ah my Lord! your Grace has a cunning Tongue.

Nem. No cunning, *Tournon*, my way is downright, leaving Body, State and Spirit, all for a pretty Woman, and when gray Hairs, Gout and Impotence come, no more but this, drink away pain, and be gathered to my Fathers.

Tour. Oh thou dissembler, give me your hand, this soft, this faithless violating hand, Heaven knows what this hand has to answer for.

Nem. And for this hand, with these long, white, round, pretty Bobbins, t'has the kindest gripe, and I so love it, now Gad's Blessing on't, that's all I say— But come tell me, what! no new Game, for thou knowest I dye directly without variety.

Tour. Certainly never Woman lov'd like me, who am not satisfied with sacrificing my own Honour, unless I rob my delights by undoing others——

Nem. Come, come, out with it, I see thou art big with some new Intrigue, and it labours for a vent.

Tour. What think you of *St. Andre's* Lady?

Nem. That I'm in Bed with her, because thou dar'est befriend me.

Tour. Nay there's more—*Monsieur Poltrope* lodges in his House, with a young English Wife of the true breed, and the prettier of the two.

Nem. Excellent Creature, but command me something extravagant, as thy Kindness, State, Life and Honour.

Tour. Yet all this will be lost when you are married to *Marguerite*.

Nem. Never, by Heaven I'm thine, with all the heat and vigorous Inspiration of an unfeish'd Lover, and so will be while young Limbs and Lechery hold together, and that's a Bond methinks shou'd last till Doomsday.

Tour. But do you believe if *Maguerite* shou'd know——

Nem. The question's too grave—when and where shall I see the Gems thou hast in store?

Tour. By Noon or thereabouts; take a turn in *Lunenburg* Garden, and one, if not both, shall meet you.

Nem. And thou'lt appear in Person?

Tour. With Colours flying, a Handkerchief held out; and yet methinks it goes against my Conscience.

Nem. Away, that serious look has made thee old:

Conscience and Consideration in a young Woman too?

It makes a Bawd of thee before thy time.

Nay, now thou put'st me in Poetick Rapture,

And I must quote *Ronsard* to punish thee:

Call all your Wives to Council, and prepare

To Tempt, Dissemble, Flatter, Lye and Swear;

To make her mine, use all your utmost skill,

Vertue! An ill-bred crossness in the will;

Honour a Notion, Piety a Cheat,

Prove but successful Bawds, and you are great.

Come, thou wilt meet me.

Tour. 'Tis resolv'd I will, till which time, thou dear Man —

Nem. Thou pretty Woman. *Tour.* Thou very dear Man.

Nem. Thou very pretty Woman one kiss. *Tour.* Hey Ho —

Nem. Now all the God's go with thee —

Tour. A word from my Lord, you are acquainted with these Fops; set 'em in the modish way of abusing their Wives, they are turning already, and that will certainly bring 'em about.

Nem. *Bellamore* shall do't with less suspicion: farewell — [Exit *Tour*.
Hey *Jaques* —

Jaq. Ha! my grave Lord of *Chartres*, welcome as Health, as Wine, and taking Whores — and tell me now the business of the Court.

Vid. Hold it *Nemours*, for ever at defiance,
Fogs of ill humour, damps of Melancholy,
Old Maids of fifty, choak'd with eternal Vapours,
Stuff it with fulsome Honour — dozing Vertue,
And everlasting dullness husk it round,
Since he that was the Life, the Soul of Pleasure,
Count *Rosidore*, is dead.

Nem. Then we may say
Wit was and Satyr is a Carcass now.
I thought his last Debauch wou'd be his Death —
But is it certain?

Vid. Yes, I saw him dust.
I saw the mighty thing a nothing made,
Huddled with Worms, and swept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lye crumb'd just like other Men.

Nem. Nay then let's Rave and Elegize together,
Where *Rosidore* is now but common clay,
Whom every wiser Emmet bears away,
And lays him up against a Winters day. }

He was the Spirit of Wit — and had such an art in gilding his Failures, that it was hard notto love his Faults: He never spoke a Witty thing twice, tho to different Persons; his Imperfections were catching, and his Genius was so Luxuriant, that he was forc'd to tame it with a Hesitation in his Speech, to keep it in view — But, oh! how awkward, how insipid, how poor and wretched —

ly dull is the imitation of those that have all the affectation of his Verse and none of his Wit.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, Monsieur Poltrot desires to kiss your Grace's hand.

Nem. Let's have him to drive away our Melancholy—

Vid. I wonder what pleasure you can take in such dull Dogs, Asses, Fools.

Nem. But this a particular Fool Man, Fate's own Fool, and perhaps it will never hit the like again, he's ever the same thing, yet always pleasing; in short, he's a finish'd Fool, and has a fine Wife; add to this his late leaving the Court of France, and going to England to learn breeding.

Enter Poltrot.

Pol. My Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient humble Servant, My Lord of Chartres and Monsieur Jaques, yours Monsieur; *Sr. Andre* desires your Grace's presence at a Serenade of mine and his together—And I must tell your Grace by the way, he is a great Master, and the fondest thing of my Labours—

Nem. And the greatest Oaf in the World.

Pol. How my Lord—

Vid. The whole Court wonders you will keep him company.

Nem. Such a passive Raskal, he had his Shins broke last night in the Presence, and were it not fear'd you wou'd second him, he wou'd be kick'd out of all Society.

Pol. I second him, my Lord, I'll see him Damn'd e'er I'll be Second to any Fool in Christendom—For to tell your Grace the truth, I keep him company and lye at his House because I intend to lye with his Wife; a trick I learnt since I went into England, where o'my Conscience Cuckoldom is the Destiny of above half the Nation.

Nem. Indeed!

Pol. O there's not such another Drinking, Scowring, Roaring, Whoring Nation in the world—And for little London, to my knowledge, if a Bill were taken of the weekly Cuckolds, it wou'd amount to more than the Number of Christnings and Burials together.

Vid. What, and were you acquainted with the Wits?

Pol. O Lord, Sir, I liv'd in the City a whole year together, my Lord Mayor and I, and the Common-Council were sworn Brothers—I cou'd sing you twenty Catches and Drolls that I made for their Feast-days, but at present I'll only hint you one or two—

Nem. Pray do us the Favour Sir.

Pol. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and I'll assure your Grace, 'twas much Sung at Court too—

O, to Bed to me, to Bed to me, — &c.

Nem. Excellent incomparable.

Pol. Why is it not my Lord? This is no Kickshaw, there's substance in the Air, and weight in the words; nay, I'll give your Grace a taste of another, the Tune is, let me see—Ay, Ay—

Give me the Lass that is true Country bred —

Bed I'll present your Grace with some words of my own, that I made on my Wife before I married her, as she sat singing one day in a low Parlour and playing on the Virginals.

Nem. For

Nem. For Heavens sake oblige us, dear pleasant Creature —

Pol. I'll swear I'm so ticklish you'll put me out, my Lord, for I am as wanton as any little *Bartholomew Bore-Pig* —

Vid. Dear soft delicate Rogue sing.

Pol. Nay, I protest my Lord, I vow and swear, but you'll make me run to a Whore — Lord Sir, what do you mean?

Nem. Come then begin —

Poltrots Sings.

Phillis is soft, Phillis is plump,
And Beauty made up this delicate lump :
Like a Rose bud she looks, like a Lilly she smells,
And her Voice is a Note above sweet Philomel's.

Now a little Smutty my Lord is the fashion —

I I.

Her Breasts are two Hillocks where Hearts lie and pant,
In the *Herbage* so soft, for a thing that they want ;
But Mum Sir for that, tho a notable Jest,
For if I shou'd name it you'd call me a Beast.

Enter St. Andre without his Hat and Wig.

St. And. My Lord, the Serenade is just begun, and if you don't come just in the nick - I beg your Grace's Pardon for interrupting you — But if you have a mind to hear the sweetest *Airs* in the World —

Nem. With all my heart Sir —

Pol. Nay, since your Grace has put my hand in, I'll sing you my Lord, before you go, the softest thing — compos'd in the Nonage of my Muse ; yet such a one as our best Authors borrow from. Nay, I'll be judg'd by your Grace, if they do not steal their Dying from my Killing —

St. A. Nay, prithee *Poltrots* thou art so impertinent.

Pol. No more impertinent than your self Sir, nor do I doubt, Sir, but my Character shall be drawn by the Poets for a Man of Wit and Sense Sir, as well as your self Sir

Vid. Ay, I'll be sworn shall it —

Pol. For I know how to Repartee with the best, to Rally my Wife, to kick her too, if I please Sir, to make Smiles as fast as Hops Sir, tho I lay a dying slap dath Sir, quickly off and quickly on Sir, and as round as a Hoop Sir. —

St. A. I grant you, dear Bully, all this, but let's have your Song another time, because mine are begun.

Pol. Nay, look you dear Rogue, mine is but a Prologue to your Play, and by your leave his Grace has a mind to hear it, and he shall hear it Sir —

Nem. Ay, and will hear it Sir, tho the Great Turk were at St. Dennis's Gate, come along my *Orpheus*, and then Sir, we'll follow you to the Prince of Cleve's —

Ballad — When Phebus had fetch'd, &c.

Exeunt Singing.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Prince of Cleve's Palace. Musick.

SONG.

IN a Room for Delight, the Landship of Love,
Like a shady old Lawn
With the Curtains half drawn,
My Love and I lay, in the cool of the day,
Till our Joys did remove.

I I.

So fierce was our Fight, and so smart e'ry stroke,
That Love, the little Scout,
Was put to the Rout;
His Bow was unbent, e'ry Arrow was spent,
And his Quiver all broke.

Enter Vidam, Nemours.

Nem. I have lost my Letter, and by your Description
It must be that which the Queen read at Court.
But are you sure the Princess of Cleve has seen it?

Vid. Why are you so concern'd, does your wild Love
Turn that way too—She is too Grave.

Nem. Too Grave, as if I cou'd not laugh with this, and try with that,
and veer with every gust of Passion—But has she seen it?

Vid. She has the Letter, the Queen Dauphin sent it her.

Nem. Then you must own it on occasion, and whatever else I shall put upon
your Person——

Vid. Why?

Nem. Lest it shou'd reach the Ears of Marguerite,
For, Oh my Adam! 'tis such a ranting Devil,
If she believes this Letter mine, when next
We meet, beware my Locks and Eyes——No more,
But this remember, that you own it.

Exit.

— Enter St. Andre Poltrot.

St. A. His Bow was unbent, &c.
Come my Lord, we'll have all over again.

[Singing with Poltrot.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Vid. See, we have rais'd the Prince of Cleve:
My Lord, good Morrow——

P. C. Good Morrow my good Lord—Save you my dear Nemours!

Pol. Give you Joy my Lord: What a little blew under the Eyes, Ha, Ha—

St. A. Give you Joy my Lord, Ha, my Lord, Ha, [Holds up three Fingers.

Pol. Ha, my Lord, Ha,—— [Holding up five Fingers.

P. C. You are merry Gentlemen—I'm not in the vein,
Therefore, Dear Chartres, take these Fingers hence.

St. A.

Sr. A. My Lord, you look a little heavy, shall we Dance, Sing, Fence, take the Air, Ride ———

Vid. Come away Sir, the Prince is indispos'd.

St. A. Gad I remember now I talk of riding, at the Tournament of *Mete*, as I was riding the great Horse ———

Vid. Leave off your lying and come a long.

St. A. With three pushes of Pike, and six hits of Sword, I wounded the Duke of *Ferrara*, Duke of *Millain*, Duke of *Parma*, Prince of *Cleve* ———

P. C. My Lord, I was not there ———

St. A. My Lord—I beg your Lordships pardon, I meant the *Vidam* of *Chartres*.

Vid. You lye, I was then at *Rome*. *St. A.* My Lord ———

Pol. Ha, Ha,—Lord, Lord, how this World is given to Lying! Ha ——— Come, come, you're damnably out, come away.

St. A. My Lord, I beg your pardon, I see you are indispos'd, besides the Queen oblig'd me this morning to let 'em choose Colours for my Complexion —

Vid. Hark you, will you go, or shall I — [*Pulling him off by the Nose.*

St. A. My Friend, my Lord, you see, is a little Familiar, but I am ever your Highness's most humble, faithful, obedient Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Manet P. Cleve.

Full of himself, the happy Man is gone;
Why was not I too cast in such a Mould?
To think like him, or not to think at all.

Enter the Princess of Cleve.

Had he a Bride like me, Earth would not bear him:
But, Oh, I wish that it might cover me!
Since *Chartres* cannot love me: Oh I found it!
Last night I found it in her cold Embraces;
Her Lips too cold — Cold as the Dew of Death:
And still whene'er I prest her in my arms,
I found my Bosom all afloat with Tears.]

Princess C. He weeps, O Heaven! my Lord — the Prince of *Cleve*.

P. C. My Life, my Dearest part!

Princess C. Why Sighs my Lord?

What have I done Sir, thus to discompose you? ..

P. C. Nothing:

Princess C. Ah, Sir, there is a Grief within,
And you wou'd hide it from me.

P. C. Nothing my *Chartres*, nothing here but Love.

Princess C. Alas, my Lord, you hide that secret from me,
Which I must know or think you never lov'd me.

P. C. Ah Princess! that you lov'd but half so well,

Princess C. I have it then, you think me Criminal,
And tax my Honour ———

P. C. Oh forbid it Heaven ———

But since you press me, Madam, let me ask you,
Why when the Princess led you to the Altar,
Why cak'd the Tears upon your Bloodless Face?

Why

Why sigh'd you when your hand was clasp'd with mine ?

As if your Heart, your Heart refus'd to joyn.

Princess C. Ah, Sir— *P. C.* Echold you're dash'd with the remembrance ;

Why when my Hopes were fierce and Joys grew strong,

Why were you carri'd like a Coarse a long ?

When like a Victim by my side you lay,

Why did you Gasps, why did you Swoon away ? Oh speak——

You have a Soul so open and so clear,

That if there be a Fault it must appear,

Princess C. Alas you are not skill'd in Beauties cares,

For Oh ! when once the god his wrath declares,

And Stygian Oaths have wing'd the bloody Dart,

To make its passage thro' the Virgins Heart :

She hides her Wound, and hasting to the Grove,

Scarce whispering to the Winds her conscious Love.

The touch of him she loves she'll not endure,

But weeps and bleeds, and strives against the Cure :

So judge of me when any Grief appears,

Believe my sighs are kind, and trust my Tears.

P. C. Vanish my Doubts and Jealousies begun——

On thy lov'd Bosom let me break my Joy,

O only Sweets that Eill, but never Cloy :

And was it, was it only Virgins fear ?

But speak for ever and I'll ever hear.

Repeat, and let the Ecchoes deal it round,

While list'ning Angels bend to catch the Sound ;

Nay, Sigh and Weep, drain all thy precious Store,

Be kind, as now, and I'll complain no more.

[Exit.

Princess C. Was ever man so worthy to be lov'd,

So good, so gentle, soft a Disposition,

As if no Gaul had mixt with his Creation :

So tender and so fearful to displease,

No barbarous Heart but thine wou'd stop his entrance ;

But thou inhumane banisht him from his own.

And while the Lordly Master lies without,

Thou Traitoress, Rioteests with a Thief within.

[Ent. Iren.

Iren. Ah, Madam, when new Grief ?

Princess C. Ah, Iren,

Thou Treasurcr of my thoughts——

What shall I do ? how shall I chase Nemoys,

That Robber, Revisher of my Repose ?

Iren. For the great care you wish, may I enquire

Whether you think the Duke inseparable.

Indifferent to the rest of Woman-kind ?

Princess C. I must confess I did not think him so

Tho now I do——But wou'd give half my Blood

To

The Princess of Cleve.

To think him otherwise. *Iren.* Without the Expense,
There take your wish,—a Letter which he dropt
In the Tennis-court, given the Queen Dauphin
By her Page, and sent to you to read for your Diversion.

Princess C. Alas! *Iren.*——

Why trembles thus my Hand, why beats my Heart?

But let us Read—— *Reads.*——

Your affection has been divided betwixt me and another, you are False——a
Traytor to the truest Love,—never see me more—

Princess C. Ah 'tis too plain, I thought as much before; but Oh! we are
too apt to excuse the faults of those we love, and fond of our own undoing,
Support me Oh to bear this dreadful pang,
This stab to all my gather'd Resolution.

Iren. Read it again, and call Revenge to aid you.

Princess C. Perhaps he makes his boast too of the Conquest,
For Oh! my Heart, He knows too well my Passion—
But as thou hast inspir'd me, I'll revenge
The Affront and cast him from my Poyson'd Breast.
To make him room that merits all my thoughts.

Enter the Prince of Cleve with Nemours.

P. C. Madam, there is a Letter fall'n by accident into your hands——my
Friend comes in behalf of the *Vidam* of Chartres to retrieve it, when I am
dismiss'd from the King my Lord, I'll wait you here again.

Nem. My Lord——

P. C. Not a step further. [*Exit P. C.*]

Nem. Madam, I come most humbly to enquire, whether the Dauphin Queen
sent you a Letter which the *Vidam* lost?

Princess C. Sir, you had better
Find the Queen Dauphin out, tell her the truth,
For she's inform'd the Letter is your own.

Nem. Ah, Madam! I have nothing to confess
In this Affair—or if I had, believe me,
Believe me these Sighs that will not be kept in,
I shou'd not tell it to the Dauphin Queen.
But to the purpose; Know, my Lord of Chartres
Receiv'd the Note you saw, from Madam *Tournon*,
A former Mistress—But the Secret's this—
The Sister of our *Henry* long has lov'd him.

Princess C. I thought the King intended her for *Savoy*.

Nem. True Madam, but the *Vidam* is belov'd;
In short, he dropt the Letter, and desir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it;
I promis'd too to trace the Business for him,
And if 'twere possible, regain the Letter.

Princess C. The *Vidam* then has shewn but small Discretion,
Being engag'd so high——
Why did he not burn the Letter?

C

Nem. But

Nem. But Madam, shall I dare presume to say,
Tis hard to be in Love and to be wife?

Oh did you know like him — like him! Like me,
What 'tis to languish in those restless Fires.

Princess C. Iren, Iren, restore the Duke his Letter. [Enter Iren.]

Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service,
But I'll retire and study to repay,

If ought but death can quit the Obligation. [Exit.]

Princess C. O 'tis too much, I'm lost, I'm lost again —

The Duke has clear'd himself, to the confusion

Of all my settl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge;

And now he shews more lovely than before:

He comes again to wake my sleeping Passion,

To rouse me into Torture; O the Racks

Of hopeless love! it shoots, it glows, it burns,

And thou, alas! shalt shortly close my Eyes.

Iren. Alas! you're pale already.

Princess C. Oh Iren.

Methinks I see Fate set two Bowls before me,

Poyson and Health, a Husband and *Nemours*;

But see with what a whirl my Passions move;

I loath the Cordial of my Husband's Love;

But when *Nemours* my Fancy does recal,

The Bane's so sweet that I can't drink it all.

Finis Actus Prim.

A C T II. SCENE I.

Tournon, La March.

Tour. IT works, my Dear, it works beyond belief,
The Letter which he lost has sprung a Mine.

That shatters all the Court, each jealous Dutche's

Concludes her Man concern'd, and strait employs

A Confident to find the Mystery out.

But that which takes the Queen, and makes me dye

With Pleasure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks

Spite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,

The Letter sent to him —

La M. I see 'em move this way.

Tour. Haste to St. Andre's Palace, watch their Wives, till I appear — I have
promis'd:

promis'd *Nemours* an Afternoon-Assignment with 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, but I will antedate the bus'ness as he is waiting, and set *Marguerite* upon him just as he meets 'em, which will heighten the design; be gone while I attend the bus'ness here —

[Exit La March.

Enter *Marguerite*, *Nemours*.

Marg. Away, you have combin'd to ruine me, [The *Vidam*
You have conspir'd the Death of her you hate;
But tell me, Oh! confess and I'll forgive thee;
Say it was thine, nay, look not on the *Vidam*,
There is Discourse in Eyes, Consent, Denial,
All understood by looks, say it was thine,
Confess and lay this Tempest with a word.
Not yet? why then I'll have it in despite
Of thee and him, I'll sell my Soul to Hell,
If Woman can be worth the Devils purchase,
After she has been blown upon by Man;
That I may tell thee, as I sink forever,
Thou hast been False.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
Affirm, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave)
Will own it to your Face.

Marg. Furies and Hell!

Tour. Have Patience for an hour, I'll bring you to the place, where if you please, you may flesh your Fingers in the Blood of these young Women, whom he meets to enjoy.

Marg. No, no, I have a better Cast, if I can Conquer this rising Spleen —
How long will it be e'er you call me?

Tour. An hour or thereabouts —

Marg. And by that time I'll put on a Disguise; fail not —

Tour. But what do you intend?

Marg. I know not yet my self; Revenge

Tour. You had a Lover once, *Francis* the Dauphin —

Marg. Be that then the last Card — I know not what;
The Dauphin shall — I'll do't, and openly affront him —

And as the little Worshipers adore me,

Spy the Duke out, and leaning on the Prince,

Enquire who's that: It shall be so, I will —

Revenge, Revenge, and shew thy self true Woman.

Down then, proud Heart, down VVoman, down; I'll try,

I'll do't, I've sworn, to curb my VVill or die.

(Exeunt.

SCENE, II.

St. Andre, *Poltrou*, *Bellamore*.

Bel. WELL, Gentlemen, good Morrow, and remember my Counsel.

Pol. What, to bear our selves like Men of Wit and Sense, Saub

C 2

our

is printed from a copy of the 4th of 1689 in which D1 had been cancelled by mistake for C4.

our Wives, Rally 'em, and be as Witty as the Devil?

St. A. With all my heart, 'tis not my time of Affignation yet with my Dut-
chesses, and this is very Fashionable.

Bell. I've put you in the way — And so good Morrow. *(Exit.)*

Pol. They come, they come, *(Enter Elianor and Celia.)*

Walk by 'em, take no notice, and Repeat Verses

Phyllis did in so strange a posture lye

Panting and Breathless, languishing her Eye,

She seemed to live, and yet she seemed to dye.

St. A. I grow sick of the Wife — *Prithee Poltro* let's go.

Pol. Whither thou wilt, so we get rid of 'em — Z'life I am as weary of
mine, as a Modish Lady of her old Cloths —

Cel. What, does the Maggot bite, you must be jogging from this place of
little Ease? yet I am resolved to know some reason, why a Wife may not
be as good Company as a Wench.

Pol. *Prithee* Spouse — do not provoke me, for I'm in the Witty Vein,
and shall Repartee thee to the Devil.

El. Pray, *St. Andre*, leave trifling your Curls, your affected Nods, Grima-
ces, taking of Snuff, and answer me — Why are we not as pleasing as for-
merly?

St. A. Why, *Nell* — Gad 'tis special — This *Amarum* is very pugnant —
Why, *Nell*, I can give no more reason for my change of humour, than for
the turning of a Weather-cock; only this, I love Whoring, because I love
Whoring.

Pol. Nay, since you provoke us, know I can give a reason; we run after
Whores, because you bar us from 'em — As some take pleasure to go a
Deer-stealing that have fine Parks of their own — Gad, and there I was
with her — This itch of the Blood, Spouse, is nothing but a Spice of the
first great Jilt your Grand-Mother *Eve*; we long for the Fruit, because it is
forbidden.

St. A. Nay, that's not all, for Misses are really more pleasant than a Wife
can be, *Probatum est*. — A Wife dares not assume the Liberty of pleasing
like a Miss, for fear of being thought one! A Wife may pretend to dutifull
affection, and bustle below, but must be still at night. 'Tis Miss alone may be
allow'd Flame and Rapture, and all that —

Cel. Yet how do you know, but a Wife may have Flame and Rapture, and
all that —

Pol. 'Tis impossible, 'tis the Nature of a VVife to be as cold as Stone —
There's a Slap-dash for you —

Cel. Yet out of a Stone a Man of Sense would strike Fire: — There's slap-dash
for you —

El. VVill you be Constant to us, if we make it appear by your own Con-
fession, that we can please as well as the Subtl'ty she that ever Charm'd you?

St. A. Till which Miracle come to pass, since 'twas your own proposition,
I shall ~~stand~~ and thou *Elianor* come not between a pair of Sheets —

El. How shou'd they know then?

Pol. Nor

Pol. Nor I *Anthony* with thee *Celia*.

El. But we hope you are not in earnest, you cannot be so Inhumane.

Cel. 'Tis a Curse beyond all Curses, to have a Man that can, and will not ; 'tis worse than teaching a Fool, or leading the Blind.

El. To Marry and live thus, is to be like Fish in Frosty Weather, have Water, but pine for want of Air.

Cel. Yet, who knows but Heaven may send some kind good Man, that in meer pity may break the Ice, and give us a Breathing?

El. Can you be so hard-hearted?

Pol. Come Bully, let's away, for fear we should melt ; look ye Spouses of ours, if our VVenchs prove ill-humour'd, we'll come back to you.

St. A. Agreed, rather than grow Rusty let our VVives File us — But I thank Heaven 'tis not come to that yet — There's no such want, I'll have you to know, *Nell*, there's no VVoman can resist me if she would, no Dutcheß escapes me, if I make it my business to compass her.

Pol. Any Man of VVit and Sense like us, Charns all VVomen, as one Key unlocks all Doors at Court — Nay, I'll say a bold word for my self, turn me to the sharpest Shrow that ever Bit or Scratch'd, if I do not make her feed out of my hand like a tame Pidgeon, may I be condemned to lie with my VVife.

El. Flesh and Blood can endure no longer, you are the vaineſt lying Fellows that ever liv'd, you compass a Dutcheß — There's not a Footman but would shame you.

St. A. Z'dearth and Fury if they should try —

Cel. You Pissful, Sneaking, Rascally Cuckold, countenanc'd Scoundrels, that dare Belpatter Ladies of Honour thus — For Heaven sake what are you, how do you live, and where do you spend your time? in Tennis-Courts, Taverns, Eating-houses, Bawdy-houses, where you quarrel in Drink for your Trulls, who while you Manfully Fight their Cause, they run away with your Hats and Belts —

El. Then you come home, and then swear you'll be Reveng'd on this Lord, or that Duke, that assaulted you single, with all his Foot-men.

Cel. And, says my Gentleman, if I had not been the most Skillful Person alive, my Body had been by this time like an Old-fashion'd Suit, Pink'd all over, and full of Ilet-holes.

El. But did he not disarm my Lord at last?

Cel. By all means, and made him beg his Life.

El. VVhen indeed he compounded with the Constable for his own Liberty.

Cel. You Persons of Quality, — VVhat Person of Honour would keep Company with such Debauches? Z'life Madam, an Orange-wench is above their Ambition.

El. An Orange-wench! If they can but run in her debt, and the poor Creature come dunning 'em to their Lodgings, they'll Swear they lay with her, when they dare not be known that they are within.

Cel. Sometimes lie rolling upon a long Scarf in the Play-house, talking loud and affectedly, and swear at night they had the prettiest thing just come out of the Country.

El.

El. And wish themselves Damn'd if she did not smell of the Grass.

Cel. When in truth 'twas some disguis'd Bawd, that met 'em there according to Assignment.

Pol. Hark you *Poriphar's* Wife of mine, by *Pharaoh's* lean King thou shalt starve for this.

St. A. And for thee *Nell* — Mark me, thou shalt Dream and be torment-ed with Imagination, like one that having drunk hard is thirsty in the Night, dreams of Vessels brim-full, and drinks and drinks, yet never is satisfied.

Pol. For my part, I'll serve my damn'd Wife as *Tantalus* was punish'd, the Fruit shall bob at her Lips, which she shall never enjoy. [Exit *St. A. Pol.*

El. Very well, the World's come to a fine pass; if this be Marrying, wou'd I were a Maid agen. Men take Wives now as they snatch up a *Gazette*, look it over and then sing it by.

Cel. They forget us in a day or two, or if they read us over agen, 'tis only to rub up remembrance, and commonly they fall asleep so.

El. What's to be done, Child? for rather than live thus —

Cel. Rather than live thus let's do any thing.

El. Any thing Rogue, why Cuckolds are things.

Cel. Perhaps they think we have no such thing as Flesh and Blood about us, but we'll make 'em know, a young Woman in the Flower of her Age, is not like Painted Fruit in a Glass, only to be look'd on — Perhaps you are a more Contemplative person, and will go further about.

El. What, Dear Rogue, dost think I will leave thee? by this Kiss not I.

Cel. Thus then we'll slip on long Scarfs, and black Gowns, put on Masks, and ramble about.

El. Rare Rogue, let me Kiss thee agen — Certainly Intriguing is the pleasantest part of Life; to meet a Gallant abroad in a Summers Evening, and Laugh away an hour or two in a Garden Bower, where no body sees nor no body knows, methinks 'tis so pretty and harmless, Lord, how it works in my Fancy —

Cel. We must tell *Madam Tournon* by all means —

El. I believe her Secret, and know her very good Natur'd; but for all that, methinks she has the Cant of a refin'd *Florence Bawd* —

Enter Tournon.

Cel. The better for our purpose, she comes as wish'd.

Tour. Dear precious Rosebuds, your Servant, now for all the World you look as you were New-blown; and how do ye my pretty Primroses? 'tis a whole day since I saw ye.

Cel. Oh Madam! we have a Suit to your Ladyship.

Tour. I grant it whate'er it be; speak my Hyacinth.

El. Our Husbands are worse than ever.

Cel. They use us as if we had neither Beauty nor Portion.

Tour. What's this I hear? O Ingrate and Ignoble! Revenge your selves, Sweetings — 'Tis time to pule and pullinger in Eye, when you are past propagation. But my Ladybirds you are in your Prime, let me touch your delicate Hands — Well, and do not these humid Palms claim a Man — Nay, and

and your Breasts, Lord ! Lord ! how swoll'n and hard they are, how they heave and pant now, by *Cynthia*, as if they were ready to burst ? look to't, have a care of a Cancer, draw 'em down, draw 'em down, for let me tell you Jewells, it may be dangerous for you to go thus long without Cultivation.

El. What wou'd you have us do Madam ?

Tour. Do Violet, why do as all the World does beside, lose no time, catch him by the Forelock, get a Man to your mind — I'll acquaint you with one that's as true as the day, that will Fight like a Lyon, and love like a Sparrow — He has Eyes as black as Slows, you can hardly look on 'em, and a Skin so white — and soft as Sattin with the Grain: And for thee Tulip —

El. For me, Madam !

Tour. For thee Hony-Suckle, such a Man, well, I shall never forget him, such a strait bole of a Body, such a Trunk, such a Shape, such a quick strength, he will over any thing he can lay his hand on, and Vaults to Admiration.

El. But Madam, will you provide us Lodgings on occasion —

Tour. The Richest in the Town, the costliest Hangings, great Glasses, *China* Dishes, Silver Tables, Silver Stands, and Silver Urinals — And then these Gallants are the closest Lovers, so good at keeping a Secret — Well, give me your Man that says nothing, but minds the bus'ness in hand — For a Secret Lover's like a Gun charged with white Powder, does Execution but makes no noise.

El. Well, and let me tell you that's the Point, Madam —

Tour. Ay, and 'tis a precious point, a Feeling point, and a Pleasing point ; you shall know him, you must know him, I shall die if you don't know him — He has the fling of a Gentleman.

El. Pray Madam, how's that ?

Tour. Why thus, Apricock — Into your Arms, then stops your Mouth with a double-tongu'd English Kiss, that you can't be angry with him for your Blood.

El. I know 'tis my filthy Country way — But I'll assure you if he should serve me so, my Blood would rise at him.

Tour. But then you'd repent and fall before him, for he has the most particular obliging way, and she whom he particularly loves, is so obliged with his particular — Well, for my part, my Twins of Beauty, I set an infinite Value on their Caresses, Distresses and Addresses ; nay, I cou'd refuse a Quilt Imperial, to be obliged by them, tho' on the bare Boards, or the cold Stones.

El. But, Madam, are they in being —

Tour. They are my Blossoms — Then they Kiss beyond Imagination, just for all the World as when you cut a pure Juicy *China* Orange, the Goodness runs over — Lord ! now it comes in my Cogitation, I'm just now going to take a view of 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, where, if you please to walk, they shall Sun themselves in your Smiles — Come my Carnations, nay, I protest I will not go before ye.

El. But

Cel. But, Madam, we're at home.

Tour. O Lord, Beauties ! I know not the way.

El. Indeed Madam you must ——— or we shall use Violence ———

Tour. Well Ladies, since 'tis your command, I dare not but obey. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Nemours, Bellamore.

Nem. **T**HOU Dear Soft Rogue, my Spouse, my *Hephestion*, my *Ganymed*, nay, if I die to Night the Dukedom's thine ——— But art thou sure the Princels of *Cleve* withdraws here after Dinner ———

Bell. One of her Women whom I have Debauch'd, tells me 'tis her Custom; you may slip into the Closet and over-hear all, and yet methinks 'tis hard, because the Prince of *Cleve* loves you as his life.

Nem. I sav'd his life, Sweet-heart, when he was assaulted by a mistake in the dark, and shall he grudge me a little Fooling with his Wife, for so serious an Obligation ?

Enter the Vidam.

A Pox upon him, here comes the *Vidam* with his sower Morals ———

Vid. 'Tis certain I like her — She's very pretty, and *Tourneion* shall help me to her ———

Nem. In Love, by my Lechery — Ay, and she shall help thee to her — But who, but who is't, my Man of principles ———

Vid. To tell your Grace, I am sure were to be a man of none for my self — You that are the Whores Ingrosser — Let me see — There's *Tourneion* your Ubiquitary Whore, your Bawd, your Bawd Barber, or Bawd Surge on, for you are ever under her Hands, and she Plaisters you every day with new Wenches — Then there's your Domestick Termagant — *Eliano*r and *Celia*, with something new in Chase — VVhy, you out-do *Caesar* himself in your way, and dictate to more VVhores at once than he did to Knaves — Believe me, Sir, in a little time you'll be nick'd the Town-Bull.

Nem. VVhy there's the difference betwixt my Sense and yours; wou'd I were, and your Darklin Mistress the first shou'd come in my way, *Jove* and *Europa*, I'd leap her in thy Face — VVhy, how now *Vidam*, what Devil has turn'd thee Grave, the Devil of Love, or the Devil of Envy ?

Vid. Friendship, meer Friendship and Care of your Soul; I thought it but just, to tell you the whole Town takes notice of your way.

Nem. VVhy then the whole Town does me wrong, because I take no notice of theirs; thus t'other night I was in Company of two or three well-bred Fops, that found fault with my Obscenity, and protested 'twas such a way — VVhy 'tis the way of ye all, only you sneak with it under Cloaks like Taylors and Barbers; and I, as a Gentleman shou'd do, walk with it in my hand. For prithe observe, does not your Brief the same thing? did not I see Father *Parick* declaiming against Flesh in *Law*, strip up to the Elbow; and telling the Congregation he had eat nothing but Flesh these twenty years, yet protest

protest to the Ladies, that Fat Arm of his, which was a chopping one, was the least Member about him? —

Bell. Faith, and it may be so too.

Nem. Does not your Politician, your little great Man of bus'ness, that sets the VWorld together by the Ears, after all his Plotting, Drudging and Sweat-ing at Lying, retire to some little Punk and untap at Night?

Vid. I submit to the weight of your reasons, and confess the whole VWorld does you Injustice, wherefore I Judge it fit that they bring your Grace their VVives and Daughters to make you amends.

Nem. VVhy now thou talk'st like an honest Fellow, for never let business Flatter thee *Frank* into Nonsense: VVomen are the sole Pleasure of the world nay, I had rather part with my whole Estate, Health and Sense, than lose an Inch of my Love — I was t'other day at a pretty Entertainment, where two or three Grave Politick Rogues were wond'ring, why VVomen shou'd be brought into Plays; I as gravely replied, the VWorld was not made without 'em; he full Popupon me — But, Sir, it had been better if it had —

Vid. And then no doubt a gloomy smile arose —

Nem. These are your Rogues, *Frank*, that would be thought Criticks, that are never pleas'd but with something new, as they call it, just, proper, and never as Men speak; your're out of the way, men that hate us Rogues with away —

Bell. But after all they'll this run you down, and say your Grace is no Scholar —

Nem. Why, faith, nor wou'd be, if Learning must wrench a Man's Head quite round: I understand my Mother-tongue well enough, and some others just as I do Women, not to be married to 'em, but to serve my turn; what's good in 'em never escapes me, but as for Points and Tags, for which those solemn Fops are to be valued, I slight 'em, nor wou'd remember 'em if I cou'd; for he that once listens to jingling, ten to one if ever he gets it out of his head while he lives — But prithee be gone, and leave me to my Musing, find *Tournon* out, my *Vidam*, and bid her remember the Handkercher — Away thou art concern'd in the business, therefore away. (*Exeunt* *Vid.* *Bell.*)

Enter the Princess of Cleve, Irene.

Nem. She comes, ye Gods, with what a pompous State;
The Stars and all Heav'n's Glories on her wait.
That's out of the way too — But now for my Closet.

(*Exit*)

Princ. C. No, no, I charge thee pity me no longer,
But on the Earth let us consult our Woes:

For Earth I shall be shortly; sit and hear me,
While on thy faithful Bosom thus I lean
My aking Head, and breath my cruel Sorrows.

Iren. Speak Madam, speak, they'll strangle if contain'd —

Princ. C. As late I lay upon a flow'ry Bank,
My Head a little heav'd beyond the Verge,
To look my troubles in the Rockless Stream,
I slept, and dreamt I saw

The Princess of Cleve:

The Bosom of the Flood unfold;
 I saw the Naked Nymphsten Fathom down,
 With all the Crystal Thrones in their Green Courts below,
 Where in their busie Arms *Nemours* appear'd:
 His Head reclin'd, and swell'n as he were drown'd,
 While each kind Goddess dewd his Senseless Face.
 With Nectars drops to bring back life in vain:
 When on a sudden the whole Synod rose
 And laid him to my Lips — Oh my *Irene*!
 Forgive me Honour, Duty — Love forgive me,
 I found a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,
 Dissolving Pains, and Swimming shuddering Joys,
 To which my Bridal Night with *Cleve* was dull —

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Iren. Behold him, Madam.

P. C. Ha! my *Chartres* — How —

VVhy on the Earth?

Princ. C. Because, my Lord, it suits
 The humble posture of my sad Condition.

P. C. These Starts agen; but why thy sad Condition?
 O rise and tell me why this Melancholly!

VVhy fall those Tears? VVhy heaves this Bosom thus?

Nay, I then must constrain thee with my Arms.

(*Rise.*)

Is't possible? does then thy load of Grief

Oppress thee so, thou canst not speak for sighing —

Ah *Chartres*, *Chartres*! then thou didst but sooth me,

There is some cause, too frightfull to be told,

And thou hast learnt the Art too to dissemble.

Princ. C. O Heavens! dissemble when I strip my Soul,

Shew it all bear, and trembling to your view;

Can you suspect me, Sir, for a dissembler?

P. C. By all my Hopes, Doubts, jealousies and Fears,

I know not what to think, I think thou show'st

Thy inmost thought, and now I think thou dost not.

I think there is a Bosom secret still,

And have a dawn of it through all thy Folds

That hide it from my view: O trust me *Cleve*!

Trust me whate'er it be; I love thee more

Than thou lov'st help for that which thus inthrauls thee.

Trust thy dear Husband, O let loose the pain

That makes thee droop, though it shou'd be my Death!

By thy dear self I'll welcome it to ease thee.

Princ. C. Thou best of all thy Kind, why shou'd you rack me,

VVho dare not, cannot speak — No more but this,

Take me from *Paris* from the Court.

E. C. Ha, *Chartres*, how!

VVhat

What from the Court of *Paris*, why?

Princ. C. Because — my Mothers Death-Bed Counsel so advis'd me,
Because the Court has Charms, because I love
A Grotto best, because 'tis best for you
And me, and all the World.

P.C. Because, O Heaven!
Because there is some cursed Charm at Court,
Which you love better than me and all the World.
The Reason's plain, for which you wou'd remove,
To lose the Mem'ry of some lawless Love.

Princ. C. Why then am I detain'd, if that's your fear?

P. C. It is, it ought, and shall, and Oh! you must
Confess this horrid Falshood to my Face.

Princ. C. Never, my Lord, never confess a Lie,
By Heavens I love your life above my own.

P. C. Not that, not that, speak home and fly not wide,
Swear by thy self, thou' dearly purchas'd Pleasure,
Swear by those Chaster Sweets thy Mother left thee;
Swear that thy Soul, which cannot hide a Treason,
Prefers me even to all the World; Hold Precious,
Swear that thou lov'st him more — And only lov'st him,
And in such Sense as not to love another.

Princ. C. Ah, Sir! why will you sink me to your Feet,
Where I must lie and groan my life away?

P. C. Speak *Charres*, Speak, nor let the name of Husband
Sound Terror to thy soul; for by my hopes
Of Paradise, howe'er thou usest me,
I am thy Creature, still to make and mould me
Thy cringing crawling slave, and will adore
The hand that kills me —

Princ. C. O you are too good!
And I must never hope for Pardon — Yet
I cou'd excuse it; but my Lord I will not.
Know then — cannot I speak.

P. C. Nor I by Heaven.

Princ. C. I love.

P. C. Go on.

Princ. C. I love you as my Soul.

P. C. Ha — But the rest.

Princ. C. Alas, alas, I dare not —

P. C. Why then Farewel for ever —

Princ. C. Stay and take it —
Take the extreamest pang of tortur'd Vertue,
Take all, I love, I love thee *Cleve* as life;
But Oh! I love, I love another more —

P. C. Oh *Charres*! Oh —

Princ. C. Why did you rack me then?

You were resolv'd, and now you have it all.

P. G. All *Chartres*! All! Why, can there then be more?

But rise, and know I by this kiss forgive thee.

Thou hast made me wretched by the clearest proof

Of perfect Honour that ever flow'd from Woman.

But Crown the Misery which you have begun,

And let me know who 'tis you won'd avoid,

Who is the happy man that had the power

To burn that Heart which I cou'd never warm.

Princ. C. Forgive me Sir, in this, Prudence commands
Eternal silence ———

P. C. Ha! if silent now,

Why didst thou speak at all? if here thou stop'st

I shall conclude that which I thought thy Vertue,

A start of Passion which thou cou'dst not hide,

And now Vexation gnaws thy guilty Soul

With a too late Repentance for Confessing

His name ———

Princ. C. You shall not know it ——— Yes, my Lord,

Now a too late Repentance tears my Soul,

And tells me I have done amiss to trust you;

Yet by my hopes of ease at last by Death,

I swear my Love has never yet appear'd,

To any Man but you ———

P. C. Weep, not my *Chartres*, for howe'er my Tongue

Upbraid thy Fame, my Heart still worships thee,

And by the Blood that chills me round ——— I swear

From this sad Moment, I'll ne'er urge thee more;

All that I beg of thee, is not to hate me.

Princ. C. The study of my Life shall be to love you.

P. C. Never, Oh never! I were mad to hope it,

Yet thou shalt give me leave to fold thy hand,

To press it with my Lips, to sigh upon it,

And wash it with my tears ———

Princ. C. I cannot bear this kindness without dying.

P. C. Nay, we will walk and talk sometimes together,

Like Age we'll call to mind the Pleasures past;

Pleasures like theirs, which never shall return,

For Oh! my *Chartres*, since thy Heart's estrang'd,

The pleasure of thy Beauty is no more,

Yet I each night will see thee softly laid,

Kneel by thy side, and when thy Vows are paid,

Take one last kiss, e'er I to Death retire,

Wish that the Heavens had giv'n us equal fire;

Then sigh, it cannot be, and so expire.

(*Exeunt.*)

}
Entr

Enter Nemours.

She loves, she loves, and I'm the happy Man,
She has avow'd it, past all president,
Before her Husbands Face——
Ha ! but from Love like hers such daring virtue,
That like a bleeding Quarry lately chas'd,
Plunges among the Waves, or turns at Bay,
What is there to expect— But—let it come
The worst can happ'n, yet 'tis glorious still.
To bring to such Extreame so chaste a mind,
And charm to love the wisest of her Kind.

Enter Vidam.

Ah *Vidam* ! I could tell thee such a Story of such a Friend of mine, the oddest, prettiest, out of the way of bus'ness, but thou art so slippant there's no trusting thee,

Vid. *Tournon* says the Flag's held out——

Nem. *Tournon* be Damn'd— Know then, but be secret, there is a Friend of mine belov'd—— But by a Soul so Vertuous.

Vid. That was too much——

Nem. That quite from the method of all Womankind, she told it to her Husband.

Vid. That's strange indeed : And how did her Husband like it ?

Nem. Why, after a tedious passionate Discourse, approved her carriage, and swore he lov'd her more than ever ; so they cry'd and kiss'd, and went away most lovingly together.

Vid. Why then she Cuckolds him to rights, nor can he take the Law of her ; and I'll be judge by any Bawd in Christendom— And so my Lord farewell, I have business of my own, and *Tournon* waits you——

Nem. But heark you, *Frank*, I have occasion for you, and must press thee, I hope, to no unwelcome Office—only a Second——

Vid. With all my heart, my Lord, the Time and Place.

Nem. Just now in *Luxemburg* Garden, betwixt one and two, a Challenge from a couple, the smartest, briskest, prettiest Tilting Ladies——

Vid. Your Servant Sir, and as you thrive, let me hear from your Grace, and so Fate speed your Plow. [Exit.

Enter *Tournon* with *Marguerite*.

Nem. And so Fate speed your Plow, and you go that, and I shall tell you, Sir, 'twas not handsomly done, to leave me thus to the Mercy of two unreasonable Women at once.

Tour. You have him now in view, and so I leave you. (Exit *Tour*.)

Marg. Stand Sir.

Nem. To a Lady, while I have breath.

Marg. Would you not fall to a Lady too, if she shou'd ask the Favour ?

Nem. Ay, Gad, any pretty Woman may bring me upon my Knees at her pleasure.

Marg. O Devil——

Nem.

Nem. Prithee my dear soft warm Rogue, let thee and I be kind —

Marg. And kiss, you were going to say.

Nem. Z'life, how pat she hits me, why thou and I were made for one another — Let's try how our Lips fit.

Marg. Is that your fitting.

Nem. Fore Heaven she's wond'rous quick ; Nay, my Dear, and you go to that, I can fit you every way —

Marg. You are a Notorious talker:

Nem. And a better doer ; prithee try.

Marg. As if that were to do now.

Nem. Nay, then I'm sure of thee, for never was a Woman mine once, but was mine always.

Marg. Know then you are a heavy sluggish Fellow ; but I see there is no more Faith in Man than Woman, Cork and Feathers.

Nem. Make a Shittlecock, that's Woman ; let me, if you please, be Battledoor, and by Gad for a day and a night I'll keep up with any Fellow in Christendom.

Marg. Come away then, and I'll keep count, I warrant you — Monster — Villain —

Nem. Now is the Devil and I as great as ever — I come my Dear — But then what becomes of my other Dears — For whom I was Prim'd and Charg'd —

Marg. Why don't you come my Dear ?

Nem. There with that sweet word she cock'd me —

Marg. Lord ! how you tremble —

Nem. There the Pan flash'd —

Marg. I'll set my Teeth in you.

Nem. Now I go off — O Man ! O Woman ! O Flesh ! O Devil !

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Vidam, Tournon.

Tour. **A** Woman in Love with another, and confess it to her Husband — What wou'd I give to know her — Without all question *Nemours* is the Person belov'd.

Vid. That's plain by his eagerness in the Discovery, he forc'd me to hear him whether I wou'd or no ; yet what I so admire in his Temper, is, that for all the former heat, I no sooner mentioned you, but he flew from it, and run upon another Scent, as if the first had never been

Tour.

Tour. Where did you find him?

Vid. At the Princess of Cleve's, and my heart tells me that's the Lady that acquainted her Husband how she was determin'd to make him a Cuckold—— If he pleas'd to give his consent.—

Tour. My Judgment, which is most Sagacious in these Matters, is most positive in your opinion, for by his whitely cast, the Prince of Cleve must be the Man fork'd in the Book of Fate——

Vid. And yet 'tis odd, that *Nemours* of all Men, shou'd have such luck at this Lottery.

Tour. O to choose, my Lord, because she's nice and precise; your demure Ladies that are so Squob in company, are Devils in a corner; they are a sort of Melancholly Birds, that ne'er peep abroad by day, but they to whit, to whou it at night; nay, to my particular knowledge, all grave Women love wild Men, and if they can but appear civil at first, they certainly snap 'em; for mark their Language, The Man is a handsome Man, if he had but Grace; the Man has Wit, Parts and excellent Gifts, if he wou'd but make a right use of 'em; why all these If's are but civil Pimps to a most Bawdy conclusion—— But see, I descry him with a Mask yonder——

Vid. You'll remember St. Andre's Lady for this Discovery.

Tour. If she be not yours to night, never acquaint me with a Mystery agen——

Vid. Not a word to the Duke—— My Gravity gets me a hank over him—— Therefore if you tell him of any Love Matters of mine, you must never hope for more Secrets——

Tour. Trouble not your head, but away.

(Exit Vid.)

So this gets me a Diamond from the Queen, an Embassadors Merit at last. Confess to her Husband, alas poor Princess— See, they come; but that which startles me, is how a Woman of *Marguerite's* Sex can contain all this while as she seems to do; but perhaps she designs to pump him—— Or has some further End, which I must learn.

Enter *Nemours* and *Marguerite*.

Marg. But did you never promise thus before?

Nem. Never—— But why these Doubts.—— Thou hast all the Wit in the World—— Thou know'st I love thee without Protections, why then this delay?

Marg. I have not convers'd with you an hour, and you are for running over me: No Sir, but if you can have patience till the Ball—— Oh I shall burst——

Nem. Patience, I must; but if it were not for the clog of thy Modesty, we might have been in the third Heaven by this, and have danc'd at the Ball beside—— Ha! you faint—— Take off your Mask——

Marg. Unhand me, or—— But pray, e'er we part, let me ask you a serious question; what if you shou'd have pick'd up a Devil Incarnate?

Nem. Why, by your loving to go in the dark thus, makes me begin to suspect you—— But be a Devil and thou wilt, if we must be Damn'd together, who can help it——

Marg. I shall not hold——

Nem. Yet, now I think on't, thou canst be no Devil, thou art so afraid of a Sin——

a Sinner ; for you refused me just now, when I profer'd to sell my self, and seal the Bargain with the best of my Blood.

Marg. But if I should permit you, cou'd you find in your heart to ingender with a damn'd Spirit ?

Nem. Yes marry cou'd I, for all you ask the question so seriously : For know, thou bewitching Creature, I have long'd any time this seven years to be the Father of a *Succubus* —

Marg. Fiend, and no Man —

Nem. Besides, Madam, don't you think a feat Devil of yours and my begetting, wou'd be a prettier sight in a House, than a Monkey or a Squirrel? Gad I'd hang Bells about his neck, and make my Valet spruce up his Brush Tail ev'ry Morning as dully as he Comb'd my Head.

Marg. But is it possible (for I know you have a Mistress, a Convenience as you call her) that you cou'd leave her for me, who may be Ugly, Diseas'd, or a Devil indeed for ought you know ?

Nem. Why, since you tax me with truth, I must answer like a Man of Honour ; I cou'd leave her for thee, or else any of your Tribe, so they were all like you —

Marg. But in the name of Reason, what is there in us Runners at All, that a Wife, or a Mistress of that Nature, may not possess with more advantage ?

Nem. Why, the Freedom Wit and Roguery, and all sort of acting, as well as Conversation. In a Domestick she, there's no Gaiety, no Chat, no Discourse, but of the Cares of this World and its Inconveniences ; what we do we do, but so dully : by Gad, my Thing ask'd me once, when my Breeches were down, what the Stuff cost a Yard — Ha ! what now, upon the Gogagen? nay, then have with you at all Adventures, at least to put you in mind of the Ball —

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Ha ! yonder she lost him — see, what can she intend by keeping her self so close — But see, *La March* has seiz'd her, and now the Mystery will open it self.

Re-enter Marguerite with La March.

La M. But have you found him false ?

Tour. Curses, Damnation,
The wracks of Womens Wits, when her Soul
Is hawk'd of Vengeance, wait on his desires.

La M. Why did you leave him so upon the sudden ?

Marg. Because I found my Passion move too strongly,
My foolish Heart wou'd not obey my Will ;
I found my Eyes grow full, my Sighs had choak'd me,
And I was dying in his Arms —

La M. But now

You have got Breath, what is your purpose Madam ?

Marg. To meet him as I promis'd, to enjoy him
With the last pang of a Revengeful pleasure ;

And

And let him know——

Then make him Damn himself with thousand Oaths,

That he'll ne'er see forsak'n. *Marguerite* more,

The curst fond, foolish, doting *Marguerite*;

For thus with an extorted Gallantry,

I'll force him to revile me to my Face;

Then throw the Mask away, and vent my rage;

Tell him he is a Fiend, Devil, Devil, Devil,

Or what is worse, a Man——

And leave him to the Horror of his Soul.

(Exit.

Tour. I've heard her Rave, and must applaud thy Conduct

To the next task, then when she has satisfied

This odd Figary of Revenge and Pleasure,

Take her in the height of her disdain

And ply her with the Dauphin; then tell *Nemours*

Of her resolve to cast him further off,

Millions to one we carry the design,

But haste and scout, while I attend the Duke,

That harps upon the loss of his new Mistress.

Enter Nemours.

Nem. Death and the Devil — We went talking along so pleasantly, when of a sudden whispering, she wou'd not fail me at the Ball, she sprung from me at yon dark corner and vanish'd. Well, if she be a Devil, Hell by her shou'd be a merry place, or perhaps she has not been there yet, but sell this morning and took Earth in her way, my Comfort is, I shall make a new discovery if she keeps her word, and she has too much wit to break it before she tries me.

Tour. And where are you to make this new discovery?

Nem. At the Ball in Masquerade — That wou'd I have time rowl still all in these lovely Extreame, the Corruption of Reason being the Generation of Wit, and the Spirit of Wit lying in the Extravagance of Pleasure; nay, the two nearest ways to enter the Closet of the Gods, and lye even with the Fates themselves, are Fury and Sleep. — Therefore the Fury of Wine and Fury of Women possess me waking and sleeping; let me dream of nothing but dimpl'd Cheeks, and laughing Lips, and flowing Bowls, *Venus* be my Star, and Whoring my House, and Death I despise thee. Thus sung *Rosidore* in the Urn — But where and when, with my Fops Wives, be quick, thou know'st my appointment with this unknown, and the Minute's precious.

Tour. VVhy, I have contrived you the sweetest wight in the world, if you dare.

Nem. Dare, and in a Woman's cause! why, I have no drop of Blood about me, but must out in their Service, and what matter is't which way?

Tour. Know *Poltror's* Lady has informed me, how *St. Andre* walks in his sleep, and that her Husband last night attempted to Crckold him, that she watch'd and overheard the whole matter, but *Poltror* cou'd not find the door before *St. Andre* returned; she doubts not but he will try agen to night — Now if you can nick the time whec *Poltror* rises, and steal to her, ten to one but she'll be glad to be Revenged —

E

Nem.

Nem. Or she would not tell thee the bus'ness — There wants but speaking with her, taking her by the hand, and 'tis a Bargain —

Enter Celia, Elianora Mask'd. Poltrots, St. Andre following.

Tour. Step, step aside, they are upon the hunt for you, and their Husbands have 'em in the wind; stand by a while to observe, and I'll turn you loose upon 'em —

St. A. Ha, *Tourneon*! by my Honour a Prize, let's board 'em.

Pol. Be not too desperate my little Frigate, for I am, that I am, a Furious man of Honour.

Cel. Now Heaven defend us, what will you give us a Broad-side?

El. Lord! how I dread the Guns of the lower Tire.

St. A. Such notable Marks-men too, we never miss hitting between Wind and Water.

Cel. I'll warrant they carry Chain-shot: Pray Heaven they do not split us, Sister!

Pol. Yield then, yield quickly, or no Mercy, we have been so shattered to day already by two the Pirates, that we are grown desperate.

El. But what alas have we done, that you should turn your Revenge upon us poor harmless Innocents, that never wrong'd you, never saw you before?

Cel. If you should deal unkindly with us, 'twould break our Hearts, for we are the gentlest things.

St. A. And we will use you so gently, so kindly, like little Birds, you shall never repent the loss of your Liberty.

El. I'll warrant, Sister, they'll put us in a Cage, or tie us by the Legs.

Pol. No, upon the word of a Man of Honour, your Legs shall be at liberty.

Cel. What will you Pinion our Wings then, and let us hop up and down the House?

St. A. Not in the House where we live, pretty Soul, for there's two ravenous Sow-Cats will eat you.

El. Your Wives you mean.

Pol. Something like, two Melancholy things that sit purring in the Chimney Corner, and to exercise their spite, kill Crickets.

Cel. Oh! for God-sake keep us from your Wives.

St. A. I'll warrant thee, little *Rosamond*, safe from my jealous *Elianora* —

Pol. And if any Wife in Europe dares but touch a hair of thee, I say not much, but that Wife were better be a Widow.

El. But are your Wives handsome and well qualified? for whatever you say to us, when you have had your will you'll home at night, and for my part I cry All or None.

Pol. And All thou shalt have dear Rogue, never fear my Wives Beauty or good Nature, they are things to her like Saints and Angels, which she believes never were, nor never will be — She's a Basin of Water against Lechery, and looks so sharp whenever I see her, like Vinegar she makes me sweat.

St. A. And mine's so fulsome, that a Goat with the help of Cantharides would not touch her.

Cel. But

Cel. But then for their Qualities—

St. A. Such Scolds, like Thunder they turn all the drink in the Cellar.

Pol. Such Niggards, they eat Kitchen-stuff and Candles ends — Once in-
deed raving mad my Wife seem'd Prodigal, for a Rat having eat his way thro'
an old Cheese, she baited the Trap for him with a peice of parcing—But ha-
ving caught him, by the Lord she eat him up without mercy, tail and all.

El. Are they not even with us Sister?

St. A. 'Tis hop'd tho, the Hangman will take 'em off of our hands, for they
are shrewdly suspected for Witches, mine noints her self ev'ry night, sets a
Broom-staff in the Chimney, and opens the Window, for what purpose but
to fly?

Pol. Gad, and my Wife has Tets in the wrong place, she's warted all over
like a pump'd Orange.

Cel. Yet sure, Gentlemen, you told these Hags another story once and made
as deep Protestations to them as you do to us?

St. A. Never, by this hand, the Salt Souls fell in Lust with us, and haul'd
us to Matrimony like Bears to the Stake.

Pol. Where they set a Long Black Thing upon us, that cried *Have and
Hold*.

El. Put the question they had been handfom, brought you great Portions,
were Pleasant and Airy, and willing to humour you.

Enter Nemours with the Vidam.

Nem. Nay, then I can hold no longer : Z'dearth there's it Madam, Willing !
That Willingness spoils all my Dear, my Hony, my Jewel, it Palls the Ap-
petite like Sack at Meals—Give me the smart disdainfull she, that like brisk
Champaign or spritely *Burgundy*, makes me smack my Lips after she's down,
and long for t'other Glass.

St. A. Nay, if your Grace come in there's no dallying, I'll make sure of one.

Pol. Nay, and for my part I am resolv'd to secure another ; come Madam,
no striving, for I am like a Lyon, when I lay hold, if the Body come not wil-
lingly, I pull a whole Limb away—

Nem. Yes Madam, he speaks truth, take it on my word who am a rational
Creature, he is a great furious wild Beast.

Cel. Pray Heaven he be not a horned Beast, is the Monster married?

Vid. Yes Ladies, they are both married.

El. Married ! For Heaven sake, Gentlemen, save us from the Cattle.

Pol. Why, what is the Breeze in your Tails ? Z'dearth Ladies we'll not eat
you.

Cel. Say you so ? But we'll not trust you, I am sure you both look hungrily.

Vid. It may be their Wives use 'em unkindly.

El. And the poor good-natur'd things take it to heart.

Cel. I swear 'tis pitty, they have both promising looks!

Nem. Proceed, sweet Souls, we'll defend you to death, spare 'em not.

El. Or it may be we mistake all this while, and their pitiful looks are cau-
sed by loving too much.

Vid. Right Madam, a little too Uxorious ; Ha, Ha !

St. A. Now have not I one word to say, but stand to endure all Jerks like a School-Boy, with my Shirt up.

Pol. I'll have one fling at 'em tho' I die for't; why Ladies you'll overshoot your selves at this rate — Must we only be the Butts to bear all your Railery? methinks you might spend one Arrow at random, and take off that Daw that Chatters so near you — Gad, and I think I paid 'em there —

Cel. Butts and Daw! Let me never Laugh agen, if they be not Witty too — Why, you pleasant Rogues, Zlife I cou'd kiss them if they did not stink of Matrimony.

St. A. Mum, Mum, Mum. Did not I tell you 'twas a madness to speak to them?

El. They envy my Friend too here, this pleasant Companion.

Cel. This dear agreeable Person.

Nem. Ay, Damme Madam, the Rogues envy us —

El. What a gentle Aspect?

Cel. How Proper and Airy?

El. See, here's Blood in this Face.

Vid. Pure Blood, Madam, at your Service.

Cel. Will you walk dear Sir? give me your hand —

El. And me yours —

Nem. Come you dear ravishing Rogues — Your Servant *Ma Butts* —

Vid. Gentle Mr. Butts —

El. Adieu sweet Mr. Butts.

Cel. Witty Mr. Butts, Ha, Ha, Ha! [*Exeunt Nem. Vid. Cel. El.*]

St. A. Well, I'll to a Dutche's —

Pol. Lord! thou art always so high-flown — Hast thou never a cast Commen-
tels for me —

St. A. Come along to the Ball and thou shalt see, the Duke of Nemours is the Gallant to night, — and Treats at his Palace, because 'tis the King's Birth-day — Let me see what new Fancy for the Masquerade? Oh! I have it — Because the Town is much taken with Fortune-telling, I'll act the Dumb Man, the Highlander that made such a noise, and thou shalt be my Interpreter — Come along, and was we go I'll instruct thee in the Signs.

Pol. Dear Rogue, let's practise a little before we stir — As what sign for Lechery, because we may Nick our Wives.

St. A. Why thus, that's a glanting squeez'd Eye — or thus — for a moist Hand, or thus, for a Whore in a Corner, or thus downright Cuckold-
ing.

Pol. Well, I swear this will be rare sport, and so my damn'd Spouse I am resolv'd to tickle her with a squeez'd Eye and a moist hand, and a Whore in a Corner, till she confess her self guilty of downright Cuckoldom; then in revenge for her last Impudence, Sue for a Divorce:

And holding to her Face the flying Label,

Call her in open Court the Whore of Babel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Prince and Princess of Cleve.

P. C. **M**Adam, the King commands me to attend
His Daughter into *Spain*, and further adds,
Because no Princess Rivals you in Fame,
You will oblige the Court in going with me.

Princ. C. My Lord, I am prepar'd and leave the Court
With such a Joy as wou'd admit no bounds —

P. C. As wou'd admit no bounds! and why? because
It takes you from the Charms which you wou'd shun:
This is a Vertue of such height indeed,
As none but you can boast nor I deplore.
But Madam, Rumour says the King intends
To joyn another with me.

Princ. C. Who my Lord?

P. C. 'Twas thought at first the *Chevalier de Guise*.

Princ. C. He is your Friend, nor cou'd the King choose better.

P. C. I say, at first 'twas thought the Duke of *Guise* —
But I was since instructed by the Queen,
That Honour is fixt upon the Duke *Nemours*.

Princ. C. *Nemours*, my Lord?

P. C. Most certain.

Princ. C. For what reason?

P. C. Because I mov'd the Dauphin Queen to gain him.

Princ. C. 'Twas rashly done, against your Interest mov'd.

P. C. Perhaps 'tis not too late yet to supplant him.

Princ. C. Do't then, be quick, *Nemours* will share your Honours,
Eclipse your Glory —

P. C. Ha! I must confess

The Soldiers love him, and he bears the Palm
Already from the Marshals of the Field.

Princ. C. And in the Court he's call'd the rising Star:
You see each night at every Entertainment,
Where he moves, what Troops of Beauties follow;
How the Queens praise him, and all Eyes admire him —

P. C. Ha! *Chartres* —

Princ. C. Ah! my Lord — what have I done?

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, but admire *Nemours*!
O Heaven and Earth! and if I had but patience
To hear you out, how had you lost your self
On that Eternal Object of your Love?

No Madam, no, 'tis false, 'tis no *Nemours* —

'Twas my invention to find out the truth.

Your Trouble has convinc'd me 'tis *Nemours* —

Which

Which curst Discovery in another Woman,
 I shou'd have made by her too eager Joy.
 Why speak you not? you're shock'd with your own Vertue,
 The resolution of your Justice awes you,
 Which cannot, dares not give it self the Lie.

Princ. C. My Lord, my Love, my Life; Alas my *Cleve*!
 O pity me! I know not what to answer.
 I'm mortally asham'd, I'm on the Rack;
 But spare this humble Passion—Take me with you,
 Where I may never see a Man again.

P. C. O Rise my *Chartres*! Rise if possible:
 I'll force thee to be mine in spite of Fate;
 My constant Martyrdom and deathless Kindness,
 My more than Mortal Patience in these Sufferings,
 Shall poize his noblest Qualities, O Heav'n!
 No fear, my *Chartres*, tho' these Sorrows fall,
 That I suspect thy Glory; thou hast strength
 To curb this Passion in, that else may end us.
 All that I ask thee is to bend thy heart.

Princ. C. I'll break it.

P. C. Turn it from *Nemours*, *Nemours*—
 But Oh! that name presents thy danger greater,
 Look to thy Honour then, and look to mine;
 I ask it as thy Lover and thy Husband;
 I beg it as a Man whose Life depends
 Upon thy Breath, that offers thee a Heart
 All bleeding with the wounds of mortal Love,
 All hack'd and gash'd, and stab'd and mangl'd o'er;
 And yet a heart so true, in spite of pain,
 As ne'er yet lov'd, nor ever shall again.

[Exit *P. C.*]

Enter *Irene*.

Iren. Ha! Madam, speak, how is it with your Heart?

Princ. C. As with a timorous Slave, condemn'd to Torments,
 That still cries out, he cannot, will not bear it.
 And yet bears on.

Iren. Ah, Madam! I wou'd speak,
 If you could bear the dreadful News I bring.

Princ. C. Alas! thou canst not add to grief like mine.

Iren. May I demand then if you have not told
 The Secret to your Husband?

Princ. C. Ha! *Irene*—
 Why dost thou ask?

Iren. Because but now—*Tourneon*, a Lady of the Queens,
 Told me 'tis blaz'd at Court—*Nemours* confessed it.
 He is belov'd by one of such nice Vertue,
 That fearing—lest the Passion might betray her,
 She own'd, confess'd, and told it to her Husband.

Princ. C.

Princ. C. Death and Despair—does *Nemours* but avow it?

Iren. He own'd it to the *Vidam.*, who agen
Told it to Madam *Tournon*—She to others;
'Tis true, *Nemours* told not the Ladies name,
Nor wou'd confess himself to be the Party,
But yet the Court in general does believe it.

Princ. C. I am undone—my Fame is lost for ever,
And death, *Irene*, must be my remedy;
'Tis true, indeed, I laid my Bosom op'n,
I shew'd my Heart to that ungrateful *Cleve*,
Who since in dangerous search of him I love,
To the eternal ruin of my Honour,
Has trusted a third Person—But away
I hear his tread, and am resolv'd to tax him.

Enter Prince Cleve.

Ah! Sir, what have you done? if you must kill me,
Are there not Daggers poys'n—But the Jealous
Are Cruel still, and thoughtful in Revenge;
And single Death's too little; must your will
Of knowing names my duty durst not tell you,
Oblige you to betray me to another;
So to divulge the Secret of my Soul,
That the whole Court must know it?

P. C. Ha! know what?

Know my Dishonour, have you told it then?

Princ. C. No, 'tis your self, 'tis you reveal'd it Sir,
To gain a Confident for more Discovery,
A Lady of the Queens just now declar'd it,
To your eternal shame you have divulg'd it,
She had it from the *Vidam*, Sir, of *Chartres*,
And he from the the Duke *Nemours*—

P. C. Nemours—

How, Madam, said you—What *Nemours*—*Nemours*!
Does *Nemours* know you love him? Hell and Furies!
And that I know it too, and not revenge it!

Princ. C. That's yet to seek, he will not own it himself
To be concern'd, he offers not at names,
But yet 'tis found, 'tis known, believ'd by all,
He cannot hold it, 'twill be shortly posted,
That *Cleve* your Wife's that curst dishonour'd She
You told him of—

P. C. Is't possible I told him?
Peace, Peace, and if it lies in Humane Power
To reason calmly, tell me Murd'refs, tell me,
Compose that Face of flush'd Hypocrisie,
And answer to a truth—Was it my interest
To speak of this? was I not rather ty'd

To wish it buried in the Grave in Hell !
 Whence it might never rise to blot my Honour —
 But you have seen him, by my hopes of Heaven,
 You have met and interchang'd your secret Souls ;
 On that Complotted ; since I bore so tamely
 Your first Confession, I should bear the latter.

Princ. C. Believe it if you please —

P. C. I must believe it

This last Proceeding has unmask'd your Soul,
 He sees you ev'ry hour, and knows you love him :
 Nay, for your greater freedom, you have join'd
 To make this loath'd detested *Cleve* your Stale.

Ha — I believ'd you might o'ercome this passion,
 So well you knew to Charm me with the show
 Of seeming Virtue, 'till I lost my reason.

Princ. C. 'Tis likely Sir, it was but seeming Vertue,
 And you did ill to judge so kindly of me —
 I was mistaken too in that Confession,
 Because I thought that you wou'd do me Justice,

P. C. You were mistaken when you thought I wou'd,
 Sure you forget I was desperate,
 Sentenc'd and doom'd by Fate, or rather damn'd,
 To love you to my Grave — And cou'd I bear

A Rival, what and when I was your Husband,
 And when you own'd your passion to my Face,
 Confess'd you lov'd me much — But lov'd him more :
 Ha — Is not this enough to make me mad ?

Princ. C. You have the power to set all right agen,
 Why do you not end me ?

P. C. No, I'll end my self,
 My thoughts are grown too violent for my reason.

By this last usage, Oh ! Thou hast undone me ;

I know not what — This ought not to be thine —

I have offended and wou'd sue for pardon ;

But yet I blush, the Treason is too gross ;

After that most unnatural Confession,

I wonder now that I have liv'd so long :

Confess and then divulge, make me your Bawd —

It Scents too far, the God of Love flies wide,

He gets the Wind, and stops the Nose at this ;

No more — Farewel — False *Chartres*, False *Nemours*,

False World, False All, since *Chartres* is not true,

But you your wish with lov'd *Nemours* shall have,

And shortly see your Husband in the Grave.

[Exit.]

Princess C. Sol.

False World, False *Cleve*, False *Chartres*, False *Nemours*,
 Farewel to all, a long and last Farewel :

From all Converse, to Deserts let me fly,
And in some gloomy Cave forgotten lie
My Bower at Noon the shade of some old Trees
With whist'ling Winds t' indulge my pomp of ease, }
And lulling Murmurs rowl'd from Neighb'ring Seas.
Where I may sometimes hasten to the shore,
And to the Rocks and Waves my loss deplore :
Where when I feel my hour of Fate draws on,
Lest the false World should claim a parting groan,
My Mothers Ghost may rise to fix my mind,
And leave no thought of tenderness behind.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Musick, Songs, Maskers, &c.

Nemours with Musick, Lady Poltrot.

Nem. **H**E has confes'd to me he intends to Cuckold *St. Andre* when he walks in his sleep — Therefore if Love shou'd inspire me to nick the opportunity, I hope you will not bar the door which your Husband op'ns—

L. Pol. Ingrateful Monster —

Nem. Ingrateful, that's certain, and it lies in your power to make him a Monster.

L. P. I dare not. Nem. What? L. P. Trust you.

Nem. Nay, then I'm sure thou wilt, let me but in to shew the power you have over me. L. P. As how my Lord?

Nem. Why, when I have thee in my Arms, by Heaven I'll quit my Joys at thy desire—

L. P. That will indeed be a perfect tryal of your love ; come then through the Garden back-stairs, and when you see the Candle put out, thrust op'n the door.

Nem. By Heaven I'll eat thy hand—Thou dear sweet Seducer, how it fires my Fancy to steal into a Garden, to rustle through the Trees, to stumble up a narrow pair of back stairs, to whisper through the hole of the door, to kiss it open, and fall into thy Arms with a flood of Joy——

L. P. Farewel, the company comes, I must leave you a while, to engage with my Husband, you'll fall asleep before the hour—

Nem. If I do, the very transport of Imagination shall carry me in my sleep to thy Bed, and I'll wake in the Act. [Exit L. Pol.]

So there's one in the Fernbrake, and if she stir till Morning I have lost my aim ;
F but

but now, why what have we here? a *Hugonot* Whore by this light——Have I? For the forward brisk she that promis'd me the Ball Assignment, that said, there was nothing like slipping out of the crowd into a corner, breathing short an Ejaculation, and returning as if we came from Church——Let me see, I'll put on my Mask, fling my Cloak over my Shoulder, and view 'em as they pass; not thou, nor thou——

Enter Tournon in the Habit of a Hugonot.

Tour. Ah thou unclean Person, have I hunted thee there, like a Hart from the Mountains to the Vallies, and thou would'st not be found; verily thou hast been amongst the Daughters of the *Philistines*——Nay, if you are Innocent, stand before me, and reply to the words of my Mouth——

Nem. I shall truly——

Tour. Say then Hast thou not defiled thy self with any *Dalilah*, since last you felt upon my neck, and lov'd much? *Nem.* Nay, verily——

Tour. Have you not overheated your body with adulterate Wines? have you not been at a Play, nor touched Fruit after the Lewd Orange-Woman?

Nem. I am unpolluted.

Tour. And yet methinks there is not the same colour in your Cheeks, nor does the Spirit dance in your Eye as formerly, why do you not approach me?

[Unmasking.]

Nem. *Tournon* turn'd Heretick! why thou dear Rascal, this is such a new Frolick, that though I am engag'd as deep as Damnation to another, thou shalt not 'scape me.

[Marg. claps him on the shoulder.]

Marg. I love a Man that keeps the Commandment of his word.

Nem. And I a Woman that breaks hers with her Husband, yet loves her Neighbour as her self——I would fain be in private with you.

Cel. And I with you, because I am resolv'd never to see you more.

Nem. Never to see me more? the reason.

Cel. Because I hate you.

Nem. And yet I believe you love me too, because you are precise to the Minute.

Cel. True, yet I hate you justly, heartily and maliciously——

Nem. By Gad, and I'll Love thee as heartily, justly and maliciously, as thou canst love me for thy blood; come away Riddle, and I'll unfold thee. *[Exeunt.]*

Pol. St. Andre *disguis'd*, with Elinora, L. *Pol.* trot coming up to 'em——

El. But it is true indeed, that your Friend can tell all the Actions of our Life past, present, and to come, yet cannot speak one word?

Pol. O he's infallible! why what did you never hear of your second-sight men, your Dumb High-landers that tell Fortunes? why you would think the Devil in Hell were in him, he speaks so exactly.

El. I thought you had said he was Dumb?

Pol. Right, but I am his Interpreter, and when the fit comes on him, he blows through me like a Trunk, and straight I become his speaking Trumpet.

L. P. Pray, Sir, may not I have my Fortune told me too?

Pol. Ay—and there were a thousand of you, he will run you 'em over like the Christ-cross-row, and never miss a tittle; he shall tell ye his name that cry'd God bless you when you sneez'd last, tell you when you wink'd last, when and

and where you scratch'd last, and where you fate o' *Saturday* —

El. Pray let him tell us then, for we are Sisters, our Tempers and Conditions, whether married or unmarried, with all the Impertinences thereunto belonging

Pol. I'll speak to him Son of the Sun, and Emperor of the Stars —

St. A. Ha, Ha —

Pol. Look ye, look ye, he's pleas'd to tell you, but you must go near him, for he must look in your hand, touch your Face, Breasts, and where-ever else he pleases.

[*St. André makes Horns with both his hands, puts his Finger in his Mouth and laughs*]

Pol. *In nomine domine Bomine.* I protest I am confounded; well Ladies I could not have thought it had been in you, but 'tis certainly true, and I must out with it; first he says, you are both married, you are both Libidinous beyond example, and your Husbands are the greatest Cornutors in Christendom —

El.

L. P. } Indeed.

Pol. Ay, indeed, indeed and indeed — He says you are couple a of *Messalina's*, and the Stews cannot satisfy you; he says your thoughts are swell'd with a Carnosity; nay, nay you have the Green Sickness of the Soul, which runs upon nothing but weighing Stallions, churning Boars, and bellowing Bulls —

L. P. O! I confess, I confess — But for Heaven sake, dear Sir — Let it not take Air, for then we are both undone.

El. O! Undone, undone Sir, if our Husbands shou'd know it, for they are a couple of the Jealoufests, troublesome, impertinent Cuckolds alive.

Pol. Alack! Alack — O *Jezabel!* but I will have my Eunuchs fling her from the Window and the Dogs shall eat her.

L. P. But, pray Sir, ask him how many times —

Pol. What, how many times you have Cuckolded 'em?

El. Spare our Modesty, you make the blood so flush in our Faces.

Pol. But by *Jove* I'll let it out, I'll hold her by the Muzzle, and stick her like a Pig —

L. P. Will you speak to him, Sir?

Pol. See, he understands you without it, he says your Iniquities are innumerable, your Fornications like the hairs of your head, and your Adulteries like the Sands on the Sea-shore; that you are all Fish downward; that *Lo's* Wife is fresh to you, and that when you were little Girls of Seven you were so wanton, your Mothers ty'd your hands behind you —

El. All this we confess to be true, but we confess too, if Fate had found out any sort of Tools but those leaden Rogues our Husbands.

L. P. Whose Wits are as dull as their Appetites —

El. Mine such a Utensil, as is not fit to wedge a Block.

L. P. Nor mine the Beetle to drive him

St. A. Nay then, 'tis time to uncase and be reveng'd.

L. P. Heark you Strumpet —

El. } Ha, Ha, Ha, are you not fitted finely.

L. P. } — You must turn Fortune-tellers, must you?

El. And think we cou'd not know you?

L. P. Well Gentlemen, shall homely *Beck* go down with you at last?
Pol. But didst thou know me then indeed?

L. P. As if that sweet Voice of yours cou'd be disguis'd in any shape.

Pol. Nay, I confess I have a whirl in my Voice, a warble that is particular —

El. And what say you Sir, shall musty Wife come into your Grace agen?

St. A. She shall, and here's my hand on't, all Friends *Nell*, and when I leave thee agen, may I be Cuckold in earnest.

Pol. Certain as I live, all this proceeded from his Lady, my dreaming Cuckold Wife cou'd never think on't; well, I am resolv'd this very night, when he Rambles in his sleep, to watch him, slip to his Wife and say nothing. Hey! Come, come, where are these Dancers, a little Diversion, and then for Bed.

Dance.

Tour. (to *El.*) I have lock'd the *Vidam* in your Closet, who will be sure to watch your Husband's rising, therefore be not surpriz'd — (*Exit Tour.*)

St. A. Come, well, let's away to Bed. *El.* And what then?

St. A. Nay, Gad that I can't tell, for what with Dancing, Singing, Fencing, and my last Dutcheffs, I am very Drowzy.

Pol. And so I am, perhaps our VVives have given us *Opium*, lest we shou'd disturb 'em in the night. *El.* Don't these Men deserve to be fittid?

Cel. They do, and Fortune grant they may — Hear us, O! hear us good Heaven, for we pray heartily. [*Exeunt as Nemours and Marguerite Enter.*]

Nem. Was ever Man so blest with such possession,
 Thou Ebbing, Flowing, Ravishing, Racking Joy;
 A Skin so white and soft, the yielding Mould
 Eets not the Fingers stay upon the dint,
 But from the beauteous Dimples slip 'em down
 To pleasures that must be without a name.
 Yet Hands, and Arms, and Breasts we may remember,
 And that which I love, no smelling Art,
 But sweet nature, as just peeping Violets, or op'ning Buds.

Marg. Then you do love me?

Nem. O! I cou'd dye methinks this very hour,
 But for the luscious hopes of thousands more.
 And all like these, yet when I must go out,
 Let it be thus, with beauty laughing by me,
 Songs, Lutes and Canopies, while I Sacrifice
 To thee the last dear Ebbing drop of Love.
 But show me now that face.

Marg. No, you dissemble, you say the same thing to every one you meet;
 I thought once indeed to have fixt my Heart upon you, but I'm off agen, and
 am resolv'd you shall never see me.

Nem. You dally, come, by all the kindness past. *Marg.* Swear then.

Nem. What? *Marg.* Never to touch your dear Domestick she,
 That lives in Shades to all the World but me.

Do you guess I know you now?

Nem. I do, and swear, but are these equal Terms, that you shall never touch
 a Man but me?

Marg.

Marg. I will — But how can you convince me? Oaths with you Libertines of Honour are to little purpose.

Nem. But this must satisfy thee, there is more pleasure in thee after Enjoyment, than in her and all Womankind before it; thou hast Inspiration, Extasie, and Transport, all these bewitching Joys that make Men mad —

Marg. (*Unmasking*) And thou Villany, Treachery, Perjury, all those monstrous, Diabolical Arts, that seduce Young Virgins from Innocent their homes, set 'em on the High-way to Hell and Damnation.

Nem. Ha! Ha! my *Marguerite*, is't possible?

Marg. Call me not yours, nor think of me agen,
I am convinc'd you're Traytors all alike,
And from this hour renounce you — Not but I'll be reveng'd;
Yes, I will try the Joys of Life like you,
But not with Men of Quality, you Devils of Honour;
No, I will satisfy my Pride, Disdain, Rage and Revenge more safely,
By all the powers of Heaven and Earth I will;
I'll change my loving, lying Tinsel Lord,
For an obedient, wholesome, drudging Fool.

Nem. Why this will make thee better easie to both,
Take you your Ramble, Madam, and I'll take mine.
But is't possible for one of your nice taste to Bed a Fool?

Marg. To choose, to choose my Lord,
A Fool; now by my Will and pride of Heart,
There's Freedom, Fancy and Creation in't,
He trickles to the Frown, and cries forgive me;
Besides the moulding of him without blushing;
And what would Woman more, now view the other,
Your Man of Sense, that vaunts despotick Pow'r,
That reels precisely home at break of day,
Thunders the House, brains half the Family,
Cries, where's my Whore, what will she Stew till Doomday?
When she appears, and kindly goes to help him,
Roars out, A Shop, a walking-shop of Scents,
Flavours of Physick, and the clammy Bath,
The stench of Orange-flow'rs, the Devil Pulvilio;
These, these, he cries, are the Blest Husband's Joys!

Nem. I swear most natural and unaffected — Ha! Ha —

Marg. But if he chance to use her civilly,
Take heed, there's covert-malice in his Smiles,
Millions to one the Villain has been Whoring,
And comes to try Experiments on her,
Besides a thousand under Plots and Crosses,
Prescribing silence still where'er he comes,
No chat, he cries, of Colours Points or Fashions,

Nem. Preach on Divine, Ha! Ha —

Marg. Let me not hear yor ask my sickly Lady,
Whether she found Obstructions at the Waters, *Nem.* Fye, that's Obscene —

Marg.

The Princess of Cleve.

Marg. Thus Damns the Affectation of our Prattle,
And swears he'll Gag the Clack, or what is worse. *Nem.* Nay, hold —

Marg. Send for the new-found Lock — *Nem.* What mad —

Marg. Do Villain, Traytor —

Contrive this mischief if thou can'st, for me,
Send thou the Padlock, but I'll find the Key.

(Exit.

Nem. Whir goes the Partridge on the purring Wing —

Yet when I see my time I must recal her,

For she has admirable things in her, such as if I gain not, the Princess of Cleve
may fix me to her, without nauseating the Vice of Constancy — Ha! *Bellamore.*

Enter Bellamore.

What News, my Dear, Ha — Hast thou found her? Speak. *Bell.* I have.

Nem. Where, how, when and by what means?

Bell. After I had enquired after the Prince's Health,
I ask'd a Woman of his Lady, who told me,
She was retired into the great Bower in the Garden.

Nem. The very place where first I saw and lov'd her,

When after I had sav'd the Prince's Life,
He brought me late one ev'ning to the view,

There Love and Friendship first began;

My Love remains and Friendship, as

Much as Man can have for his Cuckold

Nay, I know not that Man upon Earth I love so well, or cou'd take so much
from, as this hopeful Prince of Cleve — Didst thou see her in the Garden —

Bell. My Lord, I did, where she appear'd like her that gave *Aëdon* Horns,
with all her Nymphs about her, busie in tying Knots which she took from Bas-
kets of Ribbons that they brought her; and methought she ti'd and unt'i'd 'em
so prettily, as if she had been at Cross Questions, or knew not what she did, her
Face, her Neck and Arms quite bare —

Nem. No more, if I live I'll see her to night, for the Heroick Vein comes
upon me — Death and the Devil, what shall become of the back-stair Lady
then — Heark thee *Bellamore*, take this Key: dost thou hear Rogue? go to *St.*
Andre's House, through the Garden up the back-stairs, push open the door and
be blest Hell! can't I be in two places at once? Heark thee, give her this, and
this, and this, and when thou bitest her with a parting blow, sigh out *Nemours.*

Bell. I'll do't — *Enter the Prince of Cleve.*

Nem. Go to *Tournon* for the rest, she'll instruct thee in the Management: A-
way.

(Exit *Bell.*

Ha! he comes up but slowly, yet he sees me,

Perhaps he's Jealous, why then I'm Jealous too;

Hypocrisie and Softness, with all the Arts of Woman, Tip my Tongue.

P. C. I come, my Lord, to ask if you love me.

Nem. Love thee, my Cleve! by Heaven, e're yet I saw thee,

Thus were my prayers still offered to the Fates,

If I must choose a Friend, Grant me ye Powers

The Man I love may seize my Heart at once;

Guide him the perfect temper of your selves,

With

With ev'ry manly Grace and shining Virtue ;
Add yet the bloom of Beauty to his Youth,
That I may make a Mistress of him too. P. C. O Heav'n!

Nem. That at first view our Souls may kindle,
And like too Tapers kindly mix their Beams ;
I knelt, and pray'd, and wept for such a Blessing,
And they return'd me more than I could ask,
All that was Good or Great or Just in thee.

P. C. You say you love me, I must make the proof,
For you have brought it to adoubt — Nem. In what?

P. C. In this ; you have not given me all your Heart.
You muse of late, ev'n on my Bridal day,
I saw you sit with a too thoughtful brow,
You sigh'd and hung your head upon your hand :
Nay, in the midst of Laughter —

You started, blush'd and cry'd, it was wondrous well,
And yet you knew not what — Speak like a Friend,
What is the cause my Lord ?

Nem. Shall I deal plainly with you ? I'm not well.

P. C. I do believe it, how hap'ned the Distemper ?

Nem. It is too deep to search, nor can I tell you.

P. C. Then you are no Friend.

Shou'd Cleve thus answer to Nemours, I cannot :

Say rather that you will trust a Man

You do not love. Nem. By Heav'n I do.

P. C. By Heaven you do ? Yet 'tis too deep to search
For such a shallow Friend. Nem. Of all mankind

You ought not — P. C. Nay the rest. Nem. It is not fit.
Be satisfied I'll bear it to my Grave whate'er it be.

P. C. You are in Love my Lord,
And if you do not Swear — But where's the need ?

You start, you change, you are another Man,
You blush, you're all constraint, you turn away.

Nem. Why take it then ; 'tis true I am in Love,
In Torture, Racks, in all the Hells of Love,
Of hopeless, restless, and eternal Love.

P. C. Her name my Lord. Nem. Her name my Lord to you?

P. C. To me Confusion, Plagues and Death upon me.

Why not to me ? and wherefore did you say,
Of all Mankind I ought not — There you stop,
But wou'd have said — To pry into this business —

Yet speak to ease the troubles of my Soul,
By all our Friendship, by the Life thou gav'st me,
I do conjure thee, thunder in my Ears,

'Tis Chantres that thou lov'st, Chantres my Wife.

Nem. Your Wife my Lord ?

P. C. My Wife, my Lotd ; and I must have you own it.

Nem. I will not tell you, Sir, who 'tis I Love,
Yet think me not so base, were it your Wife,
That all the subtlest Wit of Earth or Hell
Shou'd make me vent a Secret of that nature
To any Man on Earth, much less to you.

P. C. Yet you cou'd basely tell it to the *Vidam*,
And he to all the Court — But I waste time,
By all the boiling Venom of my Passion,
I'll make you own it e'er we part — Dispatch,
Say thou hast Whor'd my Wife, Damnation on me,
Pronounce me Cuckold.

Nem. But then I give my self the Lye,
Who told you but just before, I wou'd not speak,
Tho I had done it — Which I swear I have not —
Beside, I fear you are going mad,

P. C. Draw then and make it up,
For if thou dost not own what I demand,
What you both know and have complotted on me,
Tho neither will confess, I swear agen,
That one of us must fall. *Nem.* Then take my Life.

P. C. I will, by Heav'n, if thou refuse me Justice;
Draw then, for if thou dost not, I will kill thee,
And tell my Wife thou basely didst confess
Thy Guilt at last, in hopes to save thy Life.

Nem. That is a blast indeed, that Honour shrinks at,
Therefore I draw, but Oh! but witness Heaven,
With such a trembling hand and bleeding Heart,
As if I were to fight against my Father.
Therefore I beg thee by the name of Friend,
Which once with half this Suit wou'd have dissolv'd thee;
I beg thee, gentle *Cleve*, to hold thy hand.

P. C. I'm Deaf as Death, that calls for one or both.

Nem. Then give it me, I arm thy hand agen,
Against my Heart, against this Heart that loves thee;
Thrust then, for by the Blood that bears my Life,
Thou shalt not know the name of her I love;
Not but I swear upon the point of Death,

Your Wife's as clear from me as Heav'n first made her.

P. C. No more my Lord, you've given me twice my Life.

Nem. Are you not hurt? *P. C.* Alas, 'tis not so well,
I have no wound but that which Honour makes,
And yet there's something cold upon my Heart,
I hope 'tis Death, and I shall shortly pay you,
With *Charvres* love, for you deserve her better.

Nem. No Sir, you shall not, you shall live my Lord,
And long enjoy your beauteous virtuous Bride;
You shall, dear Prince, why are you then so cold?

(*Cleve is disarm-
ed, Nemours
gives him his
Sword agen.*)

P. C. I cannot speak—But thus, and thus, there's something rises here.

Nem. I'll wait you home, nay, shake these drops away,
And hang upon my arm— P. C. I will do any thing,
So you will promise never to upbraid me. *Nem.* I swear I will not.

P. C. But will you love me too as formerly?

Nem. I swear far more then ever!

P. C. Thou knowst my nature's soft, yet Oh such love!
Such love as mine, and injur'd as I thought,
Wou'd Spleen the Gaul-less Turtle, wou'd it not?

Nem. It wou'd by Heav'n—You make a Woman of me, (Weeping.)

P. C. Why any thing thou sayst to humour me,
Yet it is kind, and I must love these Tears,
I hope my heart will break, and then we're ev'n;
Yet if this cruel Love thy Cleve shou'd kill,
Remember after death thou lov'st me still.

(Exeunt.)

S. CENE, II.

Enter Tournon with the Vidam.

Tour. SO let that corner be your Post, and as soon as ever you see *St. Andre*
come stalking in his Dream, slip to his Lady, and when you have agreed upon the Writings, I'll be ready to bring you off with a Witness—

Vid. Thou dear obliging—

Tour. No more o' that; away, mark but how easily those that are gifted with Discretion bring things about; in the name of Goodness let Men and Women have their Risks, but still be careful of the Main—Here's a hot-headed Lord goes mad for a prating Girl, Treats her, Presents her, Flames for her, Dies for her, till the Fool complies for pure Love, and when the bus'ness fails, is forc'd to live at last by the Love of his Footman; but she that makes a firm Bargain, is commonly thought a great Soul, for my Lord having considered on't, thinks her a Person of depth, and so resolves to have it out of her—But why do I talk so my self, when there's something to do, certainly I shou'd have made a rare Speaker in a Parliament of Women, or a notable Head to a Female Jury, when his Lordship gravely puts the question, whether it be *Satis* or *Non Satis* or *Nunquam Satis*, and we bring it in *Ignoramus*—Ha! but who comes here? I must attend for *Bellamore*.

Enter Poltrot, Celia over-hearing.

Pol. My Wife and I went to Bed together, and I'll warrant full she was of Expectation, so white and clean, and much inclin'd to laugh, and lay at her full length, as who wou'd say, come eat me.

Cel. Said she so sweet Sir? *Pol.* Not a bit by the Lord, not I; not I—

Cel. Alas! nice Gentleman.

Pol. A Farmer wou'd say this was barbarously done, because he loves Beef—But I have Plover in reserve—Ha! *St. Andre*, heark, I hear him bustle, O Lord! how my heart goes pit a pat! nay, I dreamt last night I was Gelt—'Tis he, 'tis he, by the twilight I see him—Ay, now the polittick head goes, it shall branch by and by—What was that stop for, there's neither Gate nor Stile in your way; now

Enter St Andre in his sleep.
The Vidam goes in.—

by that sudden stretch, he seems as if he would take a jump, or practice on the High rope; O your humble Servant Sir, I'll but do a little bus'ness for you and be with you agen. Nay, look you Sir, I have as many Bobs as *Democritus* when he cry'd Poor Jack—There's more pride in a Puritant's Band, short Hair, and Cap pinch'd; than under a Kings Crown. Poor Jack, Citizens, Citizens, look to your Wives, the Courtiers come, look to 'em, they'll do 'em, look to 'em, they'll do 'em; Poor Jack —

Str. A. Ha! Ha! You'll tickle me to death——Nay, ——
Your Mistress will hear us —— Thon art the wantonest Rogue——

Enter Tournon with Bellamore.

Tour. Madam. *Cel.* Here's ——

Tour. Here's a Thief I took in your Chamber——

Bell. Ah Madam! retire for a moment, and I'll make you the whole Confession.

Cel. Confess and you know what follows, however I am resolv'd to hear what you can say for your self (Exeunt.)

Str. A. Nay Pish, nay Fie, sweet heart—But I'll kiss you if I can;
I did not take you for to be such a kind of Man [Re-enter Poltrot.]
But I'll go call my Mother as loud as I can cry,
Why Mother, Mother, Mother, out upon you, Fye.

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! I had like to have trod upon a Serpent that won'd have bit me to death. I went to take up the Cloths as gently as I cou'd for my Life, when a great huge hoarse voice flew in my Face, with Damme you Son of a Whore, I'll cut your Throat; you may guess I withdrew, for o' my Conscience the Fright had almost made me unclean; but I'll to my own Spouse, and if the Lord be pleas'd to bring me off safe this bout, I'll never go a Cuckold making agen while my Eyes are open. [Exit.]

Str. A. Heark, my Wife's coming up Stairs— Help up with my Breeches; so, so, smoothe the Bed—What dam'd Luck's this—So, fall a Rubbing the room agen—Heark you Wife, *Celia* has been upon the hunt for you all this day, she's below in the Garden, go, go, we'll kiss when you come back——Now Sirrah, now you Rogue, she's gone, come, come, lose not your opportunity, I'll keep on my Breeches for fear Ay? No, no, not upon the Bed, Pish, against the back of this Chair—Won't—How can you tell—Try— I'll buy thee a new Gown, and a Fan, and a lac'd Petticoat, and pay thee double Wages; O! thou dear pretty soft sweet wriggling Rogene, what would'st thou dodge me, Gad but I'll have thee, Gad but I'll catch thee; Ay, and have at thee agen and agen. (Exit. Re-enter Poltrot.)

Pol. Was ever Man of honour thus unfortunately met with? I went into my Chamber and trod as softly as a half-starv'd Mouse, for fear of waking my Cat, when coming close to my Bed-side, methought it rock'd to and fro like a great Cradle, and the Cloaths heav'd as if some Beast lay blowing there——But the Beast was by the Bed-side it seems——Yes, I am, and who can help it, as very a Cornuto as e'er was grafted—I heard my beloved Wife too—The Plagues of *Egypt* on her—Speak so lovingly and angrily together—Nay, priethee my Dear—Nay, now you are tiresome—I shall be asham'd to look you in the Face agen! VVhy, how will she look upon me then? O Lord——
O Lord——

O Lord—What shall I do? shall I stand thus like a Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, with my Horns in my Pocket and not be reveng'd—

Enter St. Andre—

But here comes as very a Cuckold as my self, I am resolv'd to wake him, and we'll fall upon 'em together—Allo, St. Andre, St. Andre.

St. A. Ti—ti 'tis im—im—im—possible I-I-I shou'd be the Man, Fo-Fo-For I cannot speak a plain word. Pol. You're a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold.

St. A. Why lo-lo-look you, I said it co-co-cou'd not be me, for Sir, I all the World knows I am no Cu-Cu-Cuckold.

Pol. Wake, wake, I say, or I'll shake the Bones out of your body, your Horns are a growing, your Bed is a going, your Heifer's a Plowing.

St. A. Why let her Plow-Plow Plow on, if the Se-Se-Seed be well Sown, we shall have a good Cro-Crop—

Pol. Worse and worse, why then I will roar out directly and raise the Neighbours—Help Ho, Help! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Cuckoldom! Cuckoldom! Thieves! Murder! Rapes! Cuckoldom!

Enter the Vidam and Bellamore. The Vidam comes up to Poltroit, shoots off a Pistol, St. Andre and Poltroit fall down together—Tournon enters with the Ladies—Tournon leads off the Vidam and Bellamore.

Cel. Thieves! Thieves! Ho! Jaques! Pedro—Thoma—

El. Thieves! Thieves—Wake! wake! my Lord.

St. A. Waking! Why, what the Devil's the matter? where am I?

El. O! you'll never leave this ill habit of walking in your sleep—'Tis a Mercy we had not all been Murder'd—You went down in your Shirt, Sir, open'd the Door, and let in Rogues that had like to have cut all our Throats—But for the Future I am resolv'd to ye you to me with the Bed Cord, rather than endure this—St. A. Where's Poltroit?

Cel. Murder'd Sir, here! here! here! one of the Villains discharg'd a Pistol just in his Belly—

St. A. Shot in the Guts! Lord bless us! here Thom. a light! light! light! shot in the Guts say you—

Pol. Oh! Oh—Lower, lower, lower—Feel, feel, search me, lower, lower.

St. A. Cold hereabouts—Let's bear him to his Bed, and send for a Surgeon—

Pol. Softly! softly, softly—Come not near me Crocodil; Oh! Oh—

St. A. Unhappy chance, no where but just in the Guts?

Pol. Yes, yes, yes, in the Head too, in the Head Man, in the Head! Nay, and let me tell you, you had best search your own, but bear me off or I shall Swoon, I feel something trickle, trickle in my Breeches; Oh! Oh! Oh!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours, Pedro listening.

Nem. A Lafs! Poor Prince, I protest the violence of his passion has cast him in a Fever, he dies of it—And how then? shall I marry the Princess of Cleve, or stick to Marguerite as we are? for 'tis most certain she has rare things in her, which I found by my last Experiment, and I love her more than ever, almost to jealousy; besides Tournon tells me, the Dauphin begins to buzz about her again, and who knows but in this heat of hers, as she says, she will hang her self out to sale, but he may nick the time and buy her—I like not that—No, I'll throw boldly, clear the Table if I can, if not, 'tis but at last forswearing Play, shake off my new acquaintance, and be easie with my reserve—Heark, I am just upon the Bower Musick—

Ped. I have hitherto obey'd my Master's order, but I'm resolv'd to dog him till he's lodg'd—

Nem. Now do I know the Precrite will call me damn'd Rogue for wronging my friend, especially such a soft sweet natur'd Friend as this gentle Prince—Verily I say they lie in their Throats; were the gravest of 'em in my condition, and thought it shou'd never be known, they wou'd rouse up the Spirit, cast the dapper Cloak, leave off their humming and haing, and fall too like a Man of Honour.

Ped. I'll face him till he enters the Bower, and then call my Lord.

(Exit.)

SCENE, The Bower, Lights, Song.

The Princess of Cleve, Irene.

S O N G.

Lovely Selina, Innocent and Free,
 From all the dangerous Arts of Love,
 Thus in a Melancholy Grove
 Enjoy'd the sweetness of her Privacy,
 Till th' envious Gods designing to undo her,
 Dispatch'd the Swain, not unlike them, to woo her:
 It was not long e're the design did take,
 A gentle Youth born to persuade,
 Deceiv'd the too too easie Maid;
 Her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake,
 And rashly told the Secrets of her Heart,
 Which the fond Man would evermore impart.
 False Florimel, Joy of my Heart, said she,
 'Tis hard to Love and Love in vain,
 To Love and not be Lov'd again,
 And why shou'd Love and Prudence disagree?
 Pity ye powers that sit at ease above,
 If, e'er you knew what 'tis to be in Love.

Princ. C. Alas! Irene, I do believe Nemours
 The Man thou represents him; yet, Oh! Heav'n,
 And Oh my Heart! in spite of my resolves,
 Spite of those matchless Virtues of my Husband,
 I Love the Man my reason bids me hate:

Yet grant me some few hours ye Saints to live,
 That I may try what Innocence so Arm'd
 As mine, with vows, can do in such a cause!
 The War's begun, the War of Love and Virtue,
 And I am fixt to conquer or to dye.

Iren. Your Fate is hard, and since you honour'd me
 With the important Secret of your Life,
 I've labour'd for the Remedy of Love.

Princ. C. I must to Death own thee my better Angel,
 Thou know'st the strugglings of my wounded Soul,
 Hast seen me strive against this lawless Passion,
 Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Wrack,
 My Veins half burst, my weary Eye-balls fixt,
 My Brows all cover'd with big drops of Sweat,
 Which strangling Grief wrang from my tortur'd Brain.

Iren. Alas, I weep to see you thus agen.

Princ. C. Thou hast heard me curse the hour, when first I saw
 The Fatal charming Face of lov'd Nemours;
 Hast heard the Death-Bed Counsel of my Mother.
 Yet what can this avail, spite of my Soul,
 The Nightly warnings from her dreadful Shroud?

I love

I love *Nemours*, I languish for *Nemours*,
And when I think to banish him my Breast,
My Heart rebels, I feel a gorging pain
That choaks me up, tremblings from Head to Foot ;
A shog of Blood and Spirits, Mad-mens Fears,
Convulsions, gnawing Griets and angry Tears.

Enter *Nemours*.

Ha ! but behold — My Lord —

Nem. O ! Pardon me, spare me a minute's space and I am gone.

Princ. C. Is this a time, Sir ?

Nem. O ! I must speak or dye.

Princ. C. Dye then, e'er thus Presume to violate

The Honour of your Friend, your own and mine —

Nem. Yet hear me, and I swear by all things Sacred,
Never to see you more.

Princ. C. Speak then — And keep your word.

P. C. Horror and Death !

Nem. Did you but know what 'tis to love like me,
Without a dawn of Bliss to dream all day,
To pass the night in broken sleeps away,
Toss'd in the restless tides of Hopes and Fears,
With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears ;
To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flow'r's,
T' invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging hours,
To talk like Mad-men to the Groves and Bow'r's.
Could you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,
If thus it throws my Body at your Feet : Oh ! fly not hence ;
Vouchsafe but just to view me in despair,
I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.

Princ. C. O Heavens ! inspire my Heart.

Nem. The Heavenly Powers

Accept the poorest Sacrifice we bring,
A Slave to them's welcome as a King.
Behold a Slave that Glories in your Chains,
Ah ! with some shew of Mercy view my Pains ;
Your piercing Eyes have made their splendid way,
Where Lightning cou'd not pass —
Even through my Soul their pointed Lustre geos,
And Sacred smart upon my spirit throws ;
Yet I your wounds with as much Zeal desire,
As Sinners that wou'd pass to Bliss through Fire.
Yes, Madam, I must love you to my Death,
I'll fight your name with my last gasp of breath.

Princ. C. No more, I have heard you, Sir, as you desir'd.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Reply not, but withdraw, if possible ;
Fix to your word, and let us trust our Fates,
Be gone I charge you, speak not ; but retire.

(Exit *Nem.*)

P. C. Excellent Woman, and Oh ! matchless Friend,
Love, Friendship, Honour, Poison, Daggers, Death,

(Fall.)

Princ. C. O Heaven ! Irene, help ! help the Prince my Lord,
My dearest *Cleve*, wake from this dream of death,
And hear me speak —

P. C. Curse on my disposition,
That thus permits me bear the Wounds of Honour !
And Oh ! thou foolish, gentle, Love-sick Heart,
Why didst thou let my hand from stabbing both ?

Princ. C. Behold, my Lord, 'tis yet within your power
To give me Death —

P. C. I do entreat thee leave me,
I'm bound for Death my self, and I wou'd make
My passage easie, if you wou'd permit me :
All that I ask thee for the Heart I gave thee ;
And for the Life I love in thy behalf,
Is, that thou wou'dst leave me to my self a while,
And this poor honest Friend —

Princ. C. I wou'd obey you,
But cannot stir — I know, I know my Lord,
You think that I design'd to meet *Nemours*
This Night, but by the Powers above I Swear.

P. C. O ! do not Swear, for *Chartres* credit me,
There is a Power that can and will revenge ;
Therefore dear Soul, for I must love thee still,
If thou wilt speak, confess, repent thy fault,
And thou, perhaps, may'st find a door of Mercy
For me; by all my hopes of Heaven, I swear
I freely now forgive thee — Oh ! my Heart —
Pedro, thy Arm, let me to Bed —

Princ. C. And do you then refuse my help ?

P. C. In honour *Chartres*, after such a fall,
I ought not to permit that thou should touch me —

Princ. C. But Sir, I will, your arm : I'll hold you all
Thus in the closest strictest dearest Clasp ;
Nor shall you die believing my Dishonour,
I swear I knew not of *Nemours*' his coming,
Nor had I spoke those words which yet were guiltless,
Had he not vow'd never to see me more :
By our first Meeting, by our Nuptial Joys,
By my dead Mother's Ghost, by your own Spirit,
Which, Oh ! I fear is taking leave for ever,
I swear that this is true —

P. C. I do believe thee ;
Thou hast such Power, such Charms in those dear Lips,
As might persuade me that I am not dying.
Off *Pedro*, by my most untimely Fate
I swear — I'm reconcil'd ; and heark thee *Cleve*,
If thou dost Marry, Ha ! I cannot speak,
Away to Bed yet love my Memory —

Princ. C. To Bed, and must we part then ?

P. C. O ! we must —
Were I to live I shou'd not see thee more —
But since I am dying, by this kiss I beg thee,
Nay, I command thee part, be gone and leave me.

Princ. C. I go, and leave thee this Farewel Prayer behind me.

For me, if all I've said be not most true,
True as thou think'st me False, all Curses on me !
The Whips of Conscience, and the Stings of *Pleasure*,
Soars and Distempers, Disappointments plague me ;
May all my life be one continued Torment,
And that more Racking than a Women's Labour ;
In meeting Death may my least Trouble be
As great as now my parting is with thee.

(Exeunt severally.)

Finis Actus Quartus.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Pol*trot, *Bellamore*.

Bell. Come, come, take her into Grace agen, 'twas but a slip.

Pol. Take her into Grace agen?—Why sure you wou'd have her bring me to that pass she did in *England*, when my Lord *Hairbrain* us'd to keep me in awe, stand biting my Lips, twisting my Hat, playing with my Thumbs while they were at it, and I durst not look behind me.

Bell. Meer Jealousie, you say your self you saw nothing.

Pol. No Sir, I thank you, I had more care of my Throat; neither is this the first Fault; for once upon a time, a little while after we were Married, at *London*—a Fox o' that Cuckolding *Trojan Race*; she was talking to me one day out of her Window more pleasantly than ordinary—And asted with her Head and Body wond'rous prettily—Burting at me like a little Goat, while I butted at her gen. I being glad to find her in so good a humour, what did I Sir, but stole away, and came softly up the back stairs, thinking to cry Bo—But Oh! Lord—How was I Thunder-struck, to find my Lord *Hairbrain* there all in a Sweat—Kissing and Smacking, Puffing and Blowing so hard, you wou'd have sworn they had been at Hot-cockles—

Bell. A little Familiar perhaps, things of Custom—

Pol. Ay Sir, Kifs my Wife and welcome, but for the Zeal in her shogging and burting—
Noli me tangere I cry—I am sure it ran so in my Imagination, I have been Horn-mad ever since—Therefore spare your Pains, for I am resolute.

Enter Celia.

Bell. See where she comes, my Lord—But you are resolved you say—However, let me advise you, have a care of making her desperate. *(Exit.)*

Pol. Desperate—Damn her, Polluter of my sheets—Damn her.

Seek, *Celia*, not to shun me, for where'er you fly,
I'll follow—hang upon thy knees and dye.

*Pol*trot, behold—Ah! canst thou see me kneel,
And yet no Bowels of Compassion feel?

Why dost thou bluster by me like a Storm,
And ruffle into Frowns that Godlike Form?
Why dost thou turn away those Eyes of thine,
In which Love's Glory and its conquests shine?

Cel. What is this thing call'd Woman? she is worse
Than all Ingredients ram'd into a Curse.
Were she a Witch, a Bawd, a Noseless Whore,
I cou'd forgive her, so she were no more:
But she's far worse, and will in time Forefall
The Devil, and be the Damning of us all.

Cel. Yet Honour bids you sink with her you call
So foul, whose Frailties you too sharply nam'd;
Like *Adam* you shou'd choose with her to fall,
And in meer Generosity be Damn'd.

Pol. No, by they self, and all alone be curst,
And by the Winds thy Venom dust be hurl'd;
For thou'rt a Serpent equal to the first,
And hast the will to damn another World.

Cel. But am I not thy Wife? Let that atone—

Pol. My Dear Damn'd Wife, I do confess thou art.

Fie!

Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone too of my Bone,
Wou'd mine had all been broke when first thou wert.

Cel. Why then I'll cringe no longer, heark you Sir, leave off your swelling and frowning, and awkward ambling, and tell me in fine, whether you'll be reconciled or no, for I'm resolv'd to stoop no longer to an ungatefull Person.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord and Master, you will not, Goodey Bath-sheba, but you cou'd stoop your Swines Flesh last night, you cou'd, to your Rank Brawado, that wou'd have struck his Tusks in my Guts; he had you with a Beck, a Snort, nay, o' my Conscience thou wou'dst not give him time to speak, but hunch'd him on the side like a full-Acorn'd Boar, cry'd Oh! and mourned——

Cel. Are you resolv'd then, never to take me into Grace agen for one slip?

Pol. No, I'm the Son of a Carted Bawd if I do; a slip do you call it? what, when I heard the Bed crack with the violence of my Cuckoldom! No, I will ascend the Judge of my own Cause, proceed to Condemnation, and banish thee for ever the Confines of our Benevolence——

Cel. What here, before the *Vidam* here?

Pol. Yes, Impudence, before the *Vidam* and the Duke *Nemours*; nay, to thy eternal Confusion I will post thee in the Market place; but first I'll find out *St. Andre*, and tell him the whole matter, that he may know too what a Ram his blessed Ewe has made him, and then——

Cel. And then I'll have your Throat cut.

Pol. Ha! Tygers, cur my Throat! why thou the-Bear! thou Dam of Lyons Whelps, thou Cormorant of Cormorants, why what wilt thou devour me. Horns and all?

Cel. He that mis'd your Guts in the dark, shall take better aim at your Gullet by day-light; nay, to thy Terror of Heart be it known, thou Monster of ill nature, if I wou'd have consented last night to have run his Fortune, which is no small one, he wou'd have murder'd thee in thy Bed, for I heard him speak these very words, Let him live, *In Mortuis*——*or in limbo Patrum*—— Where I must have pray'd for that unthankful Soul, or thou wou'dst have been Damn'd to all Eternity, dying suddenly and without Repentance——

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! *In Mortuis*, *or in limbo Patrum*; what, to be to's'd on burning pitch-forks for my sins, why, what a Bloody minded Son of a Beldil is this?

Cel. In fine, since you will have the truth, he has long had a design upon both our Bodies, to Ravish mine, and rip open yours.

Pol. Why then he's a *Cannibal*; Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! why what pleasure can it be to any man to rip me open? to Ravish thee indeed, there's some Sense in that—— But there's none in ripping me open; why this is such a Brutish Cruelty——

Cel. Rogue, and so I told him—— Therefore when he found that nothing cou'd make me consent to your Murder, he swore, and caught me by the hair, if I stir'd, or made the least noise he wou'd Murder us all, set the House o' Fire, and so leave us to our selves——

Pol. And so thou wert forc'd to consent; why then by this Kiss, I swear from my Soul, which might have been Damn'd as thou sayst; but for thee, I forgive thee—— And what was he that Cuckolded *St. Andre*, such another *Mephistophilus* as this too?

Cel. O! my Dear, there are not such a pair of Fiends upon Earth agen—— Why, they look upon't as a favour to our Sex if they Ravish a Woman, for you must know they were formerly Heads of the Banditti——

Pol. Well, and I must praise thy Discretion in Sacrificing thy Body, for o' my Conscience, if they had seen this Smock-face of mine, I had gone to pot too before my Execution.

Cel. They sent their Pages this Morning to know whether it was our pleasure to have your Throat cut: But we answered 'em, all was well, and desir'd 'em as ever they hop'd to see us agen, to stir no further in the matter.

Pol. Mum, Mum, dear sweet Soul, secure my Life and thou shalt command me for the future with as full a swing as thou canst desire, only like those that use that exercise, let it be to and fro, sometimes at home and sometimes abroad, and we'll be as merry as the day is long.

Cel. Be thou but true to me, and like the *India Wives*, I'll not out-live thee——

Pol. And I'll swear now, that was kindly said, as I hope for mercy, but it makes me weep! what burn for me—— And shall I not return, I will, I will, I will return when thou dost burn;

Enter St. Andre, Eliapor.

Nay, when thy Body in the Fire appears,
My Ghost shall rise and quench it with his Tears.

St. A. All Flesh is Grass, that's certain, we're all Mortal, the Court's in Mourning for the Prince
of

of Cleve, the *Vidam* of *Chartres* is extremely griev'd — Hark you *Poltrou*, sure as I am alive he dy'd of Jealousie. Well *Nelle*, for this last care of thine, I swear to be constant to thy Sheers, and as thou sayst, I think it will not be amiss to tye me to thee now and then, for fear of the worst — Ha! *Poltrou*

Pol. Ha! Bully, I heard your kind Expressions to your *Nelle*, and I'll swear I'll vie thee with who shall love most, for I'll swear these daily Examples make my hair stand an end — Cut my Throat, and rip me open, he shall Cuckold me all over first, like the Man in the Almanack, nay, he shall Ravish her while I hold the door to my own dellow'ring.

SCENE. II.

Nemours, Tournon.

Nem. Resolv'd never to see me more, and give up her Honour to the Dauphin, that puling snivelling Prince, that looks as if he suck'd still, or were always in a Milk Diet for the sins of his Florentine Mother! *Tour.* Bless me! you are jealous.

Nem. I confess it — The last time I had her in Disguise, she made such Discoveries as I shall never forget: Lose her I must not, no, I'll lose a Limb first, therefore go tell her, tell her the Prince of Cleve's Death has wrought my Conversion, I grow weary of my wild Courses, repent of my sins, am resolv'd to leave off Whoring and marry his Wife —

Tour. So the Town talks indeed.

Nem. The Town is as it always was and will be, a Talk, a Hum, a Buz, and a great Lye — Do as I bid thee, and tell her, just as you left me, I was going to make my Court to the Princess upon her Husband's Tomb, which is true too, I mean a visit by the way of Consolation, not but I knew it the only opportunity to catch a Woman in the undress of her Soul; nay, I wou'd choose such a time for my life, and 'tis like the rest of those starts, and one of the Secrets of their Nature. — Why they melt, nay, in Plagues, Fire, Famine, War, or any great Calamity — Mark it — Let a man stand, but right before 'em, and like hunted Hares they run into his lap.

Tour. But who's the Instrument to bring you to her.

Nem. Her Uncle the *Vidam*, she lies at his House immur'd in a dark room, with her Husband's Image in her view, and so resolves, he says, for Death. However I'll sound her in the ebb of her Soul, if my Boat run aground 'tis but calling for *Marguerite*, and she'll weep a Tide that shall set me afloat agen — As thus, I'll lay the Dauphin in her dish, note her in the Tiptoe of her Pride, Railing, Lying, Laming, Hanging, Drowning, Dying, and she comes about agen. *(Exit.)*

Tour. Go thy ways *Petronius*, nay, if he were dying too, with his Veins cut, he wou'd call for Wine, Fiddles, and Whores, and laugh himself into the other World.

Enter La March.

Where's *Marguerite*?

La M. She follows like a Wind, with swollen Cheeks, ruffled Hair, and glaring Eyes, the Princess of Cleve has found her Fury, nor will she yet believe it.

SCENE. III.

The Princess of Cleve. Irene in Mourning, Song, as the Princess kneels at the Grave.

I
W Eep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For *Strephon's* now no more;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, see, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddess stripp'd appears;
They beat their breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

II.
The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor youth was born,
Had sworn by *Sixx* to show his Power,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn'
For *Strephon's* Breast he arm'd his Darts
And watch'd him as they came;
He cry'd and shot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

III.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deserve the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He sigh'd, You Love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But Ah! he loves not you.

CHORUS.
WHY should all things bow to Love,
Men below, and Gods above?
Why should all things bow to Love?
Death and Fate more awful move,
Death below, and Fate above,
Death below, and Fate above,
Mortals, Mortals, try your skill,
Seeking Good, or shunning Ill,
Fate will be the burden still,
Will be the burden still,
Fate will be the burden still,
Fate will be the burden still.

Princess C. Dead thou dear Lord!— Yet from thy Throne of Bliss,
If any thing on Earth be worth thy view,
Look down and hear me, hear my sighs and vows,
Till Death has made me cold, and Wax like thee:
Water shall be my Drink and Herbs my Food,
The Marble of my Chappel be my Bed;
The Altars sleep my Pillows, while all night
Stretch'd out, I groaning lye upon the Floor,
Beat my swoll'n Breasts, and thy dear loss deplore.

Iren. Ah! Madam, what a Life have you propos'd?

Princ. C. Too little all for an Offence like mine;
Yet Death has made me cold, and Wax like thee:
For Oh! Irene, where's the Joy? I find it here,
Yes, I shall die without those violent means
That might have hazarded my Soul—O Heaven—
O thou that seest my Heart, and know'st my Terrors,
Wilt thou forgive those Crimes I cou'd not help,
And wou'd not hide?

Iren. Doubt not but your Account
Shall stand as fair in his Eternal Book,
As any Saints above

Princ. C. Take, take me then
From this bad World, quench these Rebellious thoughts;
For Oh! I have a pang, a longing wish
To see the Luckless Face of lov'd Nemours;
To gaze a while, and take one last Farewel,
Like one that is to lose a Limb— 'Tis gone—
It was corrupt, a Gangreen to my Honour,
Yet I methinks wou'd view the bleeding part,
Shudder a little—Weep—and grudge at parting.
But by the Soul of my Triumphant Saint,
I swear this longing is without a guilt,
Nor shall it ever be my appointment.

Enter Nemours.

Iren. But if he shou'd attempt this cruel visit;
How wou'd your Heart receive him?

Princ. C. With such Temper,
So clear and calm in height of, my Misfortune,
As thou thy self perhaps wou'dst wonder at.

Iren. Ha! but he's here—

Princ. C. Is't possible my Lord?
Has then my Uncle thus betray'd my Honour?

Nem. Start not, nor wonder, Madam, but forgive
The Vidam who has thus entrap'd your Virtue,

To end a ling'ring wretch——That dies for Love——

Princ. C. For Love, my Lord, is this a time for Love,
In Tears and Blacks, the Livery of Death?

But what's your hope, if I shou'd stay to hear you?

Ah! what can you expect from rigorous Virtue,

From Chastity as cold as *Cleve* himself?

You that are made, my Lord, for other pleasures——

Nem. Is this then the reward of all my Passion?

As if there cou'd be any happiness

For this disconsolate despairing wratch,

But in your Love alone?

Princ. C. You're pleas'd, my Lord

That I should entertain you, and I will,

Before this dear Remembrancer of *Cleve*;

We'll talk of murder'd Love—— And you shall hear

From this abandon'd part of him that was,

How much you have been lov'd. *Nem.* Ha! Madam——

Princ. C. Yes, sighing I speak it Sir, you have inspir'd me

With something which I never felt before,

That pleas'd and pain'd the quicknings of first Love;

Nor fear'd him then, when with his Infant Beams,

He dawn'd upon my chill and senseless Blood.

But Oh! when he had reach'd his fierce Meridian,

How different was his form! that Angel Face,

With these short Rayes, shot to a glaring God.

I grew inflam'd, burnt inward, and the Breath

Of the grown Tyrant, parch'd my heart to Ashes.

Nor need I blush to make you this Confession,

Because, my Lord, 'tis done without Crime.

Nem. Because of this most Blest discovery,

I am resolv'd to kneel an Age before you.

Princ. C. Rise, I conjure you, rise, I've told you nothing

But what you knew, my Lord, too well before:

Nor but I always vow'd to keep those Rules

My duty shou'd prescribe.

Nem. Strike me not dead

With duty's name, by Heaven I swear you're free

As Air, as Water, Winds or open Wilds,

There is no form of obligation now?

Nay, let me say, for Duty: O forgive me,

'Tis utmost Duty now to keep my Love

You have confess'd for me.

Princ. C. 'Tis Duty's Charge,

The voice of Honour, and the cry of Love,

That I shou'd fly from *Paris* as a Pest,

That I shou'd wear these Rags of life away

In Sunless Caves, in Dungeons of Despair,

Where I shou'd never think of Man again.

But more particularly that of you,

For reasons yet unknown.

Nem. Unknown they are,

And wou'd to Heaven they might be ever so,

Since 'tis impossible they shou'd be just;

Nay, Madam, let me say the Ghost of *Cleve*——

Princ. C. Ah! Sir, how dare you mention that dear name,

That drains my Eyes, and cries to Heaven for Blood.

Name it no more without the Consequence,

For 'tis but too too true, you were the cause

Of *Cleve's* untimely Death, I swear I think
No less than if you had stab'd him through the Heart.

Nem. O! Cruel Princess, but why shou'd I answer,
When thus you raise the shadow of a reason
To ruin me for ever? Is it a fault
To Love? Then blame not me; No, Madam, no,
But blame your self, who told it to your Husband;
But Oh! you wou'd not argue thus against me
If ever you had lov'd
You have deceiv'd your self and flatter'd me;
Why am I thrown else from the Glorious height,
Snatch'd in a moment from my blissfull State,
And hurl'd like Lightning by the hand of Fate?

Princ. C. Be satisf'd, my Lord, you are not flatter'd,
I have such love for you, that Duties bar,
Wou'd prove too weak to hinder our Engagement.
But there is more

Nem. More Fancy, more Chimera!
But let it come, I'll stand the stalking Nothing,
And when the bladder'd Air wou'd turn the Balance,
I'll cast in Love substantial, pondrous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.
But speak, and if a Hell of Separation
Must part my Soul and Body, do not wrack me,
But let the Payson steal into my Veins,
And Dami me mildly, Madam, as you can.

Princ. C. Hear then my bosom thought——'Tis the last time
I e'er shall see you, and 'tis a poor reward
For such a Love; yet, Sir, 'tis all I have,
And you must ask no more. *Nem.* Be witness, Heaven,
Of my Obedience I will ask her nothing.

Princ. C. Know then, my Lord, you're free, and I am so
Free from the Eternal Bond of Marriage——
My Heart too is inclined by Love like yours,
Nor can I fear the censuring World shou'd blame us.
But now, my Lord, what power on Earth can give
Security that Bond shall prove eternal? *Nem.* Ha! Madam.

Princ. C. Silence, silence I command you;
No, no, *Nemours*, I know the World too well,
You have a sense too nice for long Enjoyment
Cleve was the Man that only cou'd love long;
Nor can I think his passion would have lasted,
But that he found I could have none for him.
'Tis Obstacle, Ascend, and Lets and Bars,
That whet the Appetite of Love and Glory;
These are the fuel for that fiery Passion,
But when the flashy stubble we remove,
The God goes out, and there's an end of Love.

Nem. Ah Madam! I'm not able to contain,
But must perforce break your commands to answer,
Once to be yours, is to be for ever yours,
Yours only, without thought of other Woman.

Princ. C. Why this sounds well and natural till you're cloy'd,
But Oh! when one satiety has pall'd you,
You sicken at each view, and ev'ry glance
Betrays your guilty Soul, and says you loath her.
I know it, Sir, you have the well-bred cast
Of Gallantry and Parts to gain success;

And, do but think when various Forms have charm'd you,
How I should bear the cross returns of Love?

Nem. Ah Madam, now I find you are prejudic'd to blast my Hopes

Princ. C. 'Tis reason, all calm reason;

Nature affirms no violent thing can last,
I know't, I see't, ev'ry new Face that came
Wou'd Charm you from me—Ha! and cou'd I Love
To see that Fatal day, and see you scorn me,
To hear the Ghost of *Cleve* each hour upbraid me;
No, 'tis impossible, with all my Passion,
Not to submit to these Almighty reasons;
For this I brave your noblest Qualities,
I'll keep your Form at distance, curb my Soul,
Despair of Smiles and Tears, and Prayers and Oaths,
And all the Blandishments of Perjur'd Love:
I will, I must, I shall, nay, I can
Defie to Death the lovely Traytor Man.

Nem. No, Madam, think not you shall carry't thus,

'Tis not allowable, 'tis past example,
'Tis most unnatural, unjust and monstrous;
And were the rest of Women thus resolv'd,
You wou'd destroy the purpose of Creation.
What, when I have the happiness to please,
When Heaven and Earth combine to make us happy,
Will you Defeat the aim of Destiny,
By most unparallel'd extreams of Virtue,
Which therefore take away its very Being?

Princ. C. Away, I must not answer, but conjure you
Never to seek occasion more to see me;

Farewel—'Tis past. *Nem.* I cannot let you go;
I'll follow on my knees, and hold your Robe,
Till you have promis'd me that I shall see you,
To shew you how each day by slow degrees
I dye away: This you shall grant by Heaven,
Or you shall see my Blood let out before you.

Princ. C. Alas! *Nemours*, O Heav'n! why must it be,
That I shou'd charge you with the death of *Cleve*?

Alas! why met we not e'er I engaged
To my dead Lord? and why did Fate divide us?

Nem. Fate does not, no

'Tis you that cross both Fortune, Heaven and Fate;
'Tis you obstruct my Bliss, 'tis you impose
Such Laws as neither Sense nor Virtue warrant.

Princ. C. 'Tis true, my Lord, I offer much to duty,
Which but subsists in thought, therefore have patience,
Expect what time, with such a love as mine,
May work in your behalf; my Husbands death
So bleeding, fresh I see in the Pangs;

Nay, look, methinks I see his Image rise.

And point an everlasting Separation;

Yet O! I shall not be without a Tear.

Nem. O! stay!

Princ. C. Let go, believe no other Man

Cou'd thus have wrought me, but your self, to Love—

Nem. Stay then.

Princ. C. I dare not—Think I love you still.

Nem. I do—But stay and speak it o'er agen—

Princ. C. Believe that I shall love you to my death.

Nem. I will; But live and love me.

Princ. C. Off, I charge you

Believe this parting wounds me like the Fate

Of *Cleve* or worse: Believe, but Oh! farewell —

Nem. Believe, but what? That last thought I implore.

Princ.C. Believe that you shall never see me more.

[Exit.

Enter the *Vidam*.

Vid. Well, and how goes the Game? What, on the Knee, a gather'd Brow, and a large dew upon it? Nay, then you're a loser. *Nem.* Didst thou see her pass?

Vid. I did — the wrung me by the hand and sigh'd, Then look'd back twice, and totter'd on the threshold at the door.

Nem. Believe that you shall never see me more — she Lies, I'll Wager my State, I had her eighteen Months three Weeks hence, at half an hour past two in the Morning.

Vid. Why Faith, and that's as exact as e'er an Astrologer of 'em all.

Nem. Give me thy hand, *Vidam*, I know the Souls of Women better than they know themselves;

I know the Ingredients just that make them up,

All to loose Grains, the subtlest volatile Atoms, With the whole Mish-mash of their Composition.

Hark there without, the voice of *Marguerite*,

Now thou shalt see a Battle worth the gazing,

Mark but how easily my reason flings her,

And yet at last I'll swing into Friendship

Because I love her — Enter *Belamore*.

Bel. The Princess — shall I stop her? *Nem.* No, let her come,

With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum —

Like the Fanatick, I'll but rub me down,

And then have at her; *Vidam*, stay you here —

By Heaven I'm jealous of this changeable Stuff,

Therefore the hits will be the livelier o' both sides,

The Dauphin, but no more — she comes, she comes.

Enter *Marguerite* pushing *Belamore*.

Marg. Be gone, Villain, Devil, Fury, Monster of a Man.

Nem. But hear me six words in private.

Enter *Poltrou*, *Celia*.

Pol. And I swear by this Lascivious bit of Beauty, I will cleave to my *Celia* for Better or Worse, in Searge, Grogrum or Crape, though a Queen shou'd come in my way in Beaten Gold —

Nem. What then Gentlemen, I perceive there here been Wars at home —

Pol. Not a Battle, my Lord, only a Charge, a Charge sounded, or so.

Nem. What was it, a Trumpet, or through a Horn Sir?

Pol. A Horn Sir, a Horn Sir, no Sir, 'twas not a Horn Sir — Only my *Celia* was a little disdainfull, but we are Friends again Sir, and what then Sir?

Nem. Come, come, all Friends, were *Turnon* here — I wou'd forgive her, a little Scorn in a pretty Woman, so it be not too much affected, is a Charm to new Friendship; therefore let each Man take his fair one by the hand, thus lay it to his Lips, and Swear a whole Life's Constancy —

St. A. As I will to my *Nelle*, though I haul Cats at Sea, or cry Small-coal; and for him that upbraids her, I'll have more Bobs, than *Democritus* when he cry'd Poor-Jack. There's more Pride in *Diogenes*, or under a Puritan's Cap, than in a King's Crown.

Nem. For my part, the Death of the Prince of *Cleve*, upon second thoughts, has truly wrought a change in me, as nothing else but a Miracle cou'd — For first, I see and loath my Debaucheries — Next, while I am in Health, I am resolv'd to give Satisfaction to all I have wrong'd; and first to this Lady, whom I will make my Wife before all this Company e'er we part — This, I hope, whenever I dye, will convince the World of the Ingenuity of my Repentance; because I had the power to go on.

He well Repents that will not Sin, yet can,
But Death-Bed Sorrow rarely shows the Man.

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